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THE OTHER VICIOUS SPIRAL

THE dispute in Paris about the allocations of his year's Marshall Aid among the recipient ountries reopens the thorny issue of the extent f the executive powers to be granted to the .E.E.C. Should the Organisation, as Mr. Hoffan desires, have powers to determine allocaons by majority decision and so assume real spects of sovereignty *vis-à-vis* the Sixteen ations which will enable it to plan their joint econstruction? The French, with reservations bout Western Germany, say "yes"; Britain says no." Here is one symptom of a deeper conict among the members of Western Union.

On the general aim of regaining their economic dependence, and restoring a prosperity proof gainst Communist permeation, all the particiating governments are agreed; and the inner roup which signed the Brussels Pact is seeking concert its military defences also as part of greater Atlantic Union. But now that it has ome to a consideration of the precise methods be used in achieving economic revival, the harpest divergencies are arising between Britain nd her European neighbours. At the moment hen the Americans are impatiently demanding oth a four-year plan of recovery and further easures of economic integration, quite different efinitions of recovery are given in London and aris.

M. Reynaud has obtained a handsome parliaentary majority—including the wavering ocialist vote—for his plenary powers to deal ith the financial crisis. He has quite candidly tated his aim to the Assembly—the final end of *irigisme* and a return to the economics of *isser-faire*. France is to be "cured" by deontrol and by those old deflationary methods hich our National Government tried in the 930s, which Tory economists have been advoating once again for many months, and which taly—where unemployment figures now near the hree million mark—has already applied. Western urope celebrated the end of the German occupaon by the election of governments dominated by eft coalitions and Socialist ideas. It has taken ust three years to swing Right, not only into nti-Communism, but into militant anti-Socialism.

The pattern is completed by the new economy of Western Germany. The monetary reform is already a spectacular success, if success is defined as achieving the twin objectives of stimulating production and creating a stable currency. But here, as in France and Italy, the social repercussions have yet to be measured. Millions of German small savers have been ruined as they were in 1923. But once again the industrialists and property owners, so far untouched by the promised capital levy, have done very well out of the reform. With the abolition of all price control, except on food and rent, prices are soaring and hoarding is beginning again. With the drastic drop in tax revenue, the Länder and municipalities are quite unable to provide for relief schemes, though unemployment is likely to become a serious problem this winter. In short, Anglo-American policy is attempting in Bizonia the same "cure" as Signor Einaudi applied in Rome and M. Reynaud will now apply in Paris. The results will be the same—success measured in financiers' terms, but a failure which may prove catastrophic in terms of social justice. The revival of *laisser-faire,* with unemployment and low real wages as the main incentives to work, is the surest way to breed Communism among the organised workers, particularly when Socialist parties see no alternative to measures which alienate them from the working-class movement.

It is against this background that the Labour Government has now to consider its attitude to Western Union. Even eighteen months ago, if it had not been for the fatal assumption of the Kremlin that all Western Socialists were the accomplices of reaction, we might have achieved a European union which accepted the principles of Socialism as the basis of recovery. But today the gap between Socialist Britain and her Western European neighbours is growing steadily wider. So far Sir Stafford Cripps has succeeded in combining disinflation with full employment and a steady advance towards social security, and this is precisely the reason why Communism in Britain, as in Scandinavia, is a negligible factor. Inevitably he must ask himself whether he can make any sacrifice of sovereignty to a Western Union whose other participants have all abjured Socialist finance. Can he participate wholeheartedly in a four-year plan to revive free enterprise by methods which he and his colleagues are convinced will only lead us back to the old cycle of boom and slump, and create the conditions for a growth of Communism? Clearly he cannot, and this is the underlying cause of the conflicts in the O.E.E.C. and of the American accusation that Britain is "failing to give a lead."

It is argued—and very cogently—by those Socialist parties in Europe which are participating in anti-Communist coalitions, that they are driven by circumstance to accept the lesser evil of *laisser-faire* economics. British Socialists who do not share their acute difficulties have no right to blame them for their decisions. But it is necessary to point out that, though for a time *Reynaudisme* may be more effective than *dirigisme* in abating the vicious spiral of wages and prices, there is another vicious spiral which it vastly accentuates. By strengthening the hold of Communism on the organised workers, it fosters the authoritarian tendencies which are the automatic reaction of the middle classes in Europe to the Communist advance. M. Reynaud plays into the hands of M. Duclos, M. Duclos into the hands of General de Gaulle; next winter the Ruhr worker will begin to see red, and the scared middle classes will demand strong leadership to smash the revolution. Western Union, subjected to this other vicious spiral, may be fashioned into a military bulwark against Russia, but only at the cost of forfeiting its democracy.

Malaya and Burma

The Government decision to send a brigade of Guards to Malaya shows how seriously the situation there is regarded. The fact is, as several correspondents have pointed out, that much of the trouble in Malaya has been our own fault, and that "agitators" find plenty of inflammable material on which to work. The necessity of social change in Malaya is obvious. At the moment, however, the British problem is merely to protect the lives of planters who are being attacked by armed bands, some apparently led by organised Chinese Communists and some consisting of mere dacoits. The economic life of Malay is paralysed by this terrorism.

The Burmese Government has also been compelled to start full-scale military operations against the Communists who, in spite of all efforts for a settlement, are in armed rebellion. Several Ministers have resigned their Cabinet posts to take up active service in the Army. It now seems clear that last week considerable groups of deserters from the Burma Rifles joined with rebels among the People's Volunteer Organisation in an armed rising. The timing of these desertions suggested a centralised plan aimed at the violent overthrow of the Government. No one could have made more serious or more sincere efforts to find a basis of co-operation with the Communists than Thakin Nu and his Cabinet. His 14 Point Programme met every point that was in the professed aims of the Communists, and if they had been loyal to the idea of an independent Socialist Burma, they would have given him their support in carrying it out. For a long time Thakin Nu based his policy on that assumption and was much criticised, both within his Cabinet and outside it, for the degree to which he was prepared to meet the Communists. But that period is now over, and the P.V.O.s who pressed for direct negotiations with the Communists—called the "White Band" section—have now been expelled from A.P.F.P.L. Their leader, Bo Po Kun, has resigned his post as Minister of Education. For the time being the Government has the situation in hand, and on Sunday last the most important event in Rangoon was the celebration of Independence by Indian and Pakistan communities.

A Truce of Attrition

The truce in Palestine is already wearing very thin. Of the Arab leaders, only the Kings Abdullah and Ibn Saud, who depend respectively on British and American financial assistance, support it with any conviction or hope of reward. The others realise clearly enough that, the longer it lasts, the more firmly established will Israel become, and the less their chances of the spoils they so confidently expected when the mandate ended. Meanwhile the Jews have lost any belief they had in the impartiality of Count Bernadotte. By publishing a peace plan which was merely another variant of the 1939 White Paper, and actually proposed that Jerusalem, with its predominantly Jewish population, should become the capital of Transjordan, he showed only too clearly that he shared the views of those State Department and Foreign Office officials who have been determined to destroy the partition plan ever since it was accepted by the Assembly last November. The Jews suspect, with some justification, that efforts will be made at the U.N. Assembly next month to prolong the truce and the activities of the mediator in order to wear down their resistance. Numbering some 700,000 all told, and spending 5 million dollars a month on their armed forces, they cannot possibly afford for many months to keep 50,000 men under arms. For them a quick decision is a necessity of survival; and they are confident, that, if the truce were ended, they could achieve it by a military victory followed by direct negotiations with the defeated Arab State.

The Need for Recognition

One factor which spurs them on to such extremist plans is, of course, British non-recognition. Expelled from the sterling area, where, in terms of trade, they naturally belong, they are compelled to fend for themselves economically. Cut off, on British advice, from their Iraqi oil supplies, they are now running the Haifa refinery most efficiently without the help of British technicians or Arab labour, and are using it to refine Rumanian oil. They are driven to do such things not because they want to, but because British policy compels them to do so. If Mr. Bevin sincerely wishes to prevent a new outbreak of fighting, and to assist the Arab refugees from Israel, for whom the Arab States have done precisely nothing, he must be prepared to do two things. First he must send a British representative to join the American and Russian diplomats who are already in Tel-Aviv; and secondly, he must assist in the restoration of Israel's economy by readmitting her to the sterling bloc and re-establishing the Anglo-Palestine trade which used to win us so many dollars. As long as they see no sign of British good will, the Jews are bound to suspect that the agitation in London about Arab refugees is merely another piece of political warfare. By sheer audacity, they defeated Mr. Bevin's plans to deny them statehood, and assured themselves of both American and Russian recognition. They have nothing to gain now by sweet reasonableness in their relations with Britain, unless Mr. Bevin too begins to be reasonable.

Eire Between Two Worlds

There is every reason to accept Sir Basil Brooke's emphatic denial of rumours that Mr. Attlee has been visiting Northern Ireland in order to re-open the question of union between Ulster and Eire. Much more plausible is the supposition that, during his stay in Eire, the Prime Minister may have broached the question whether Eire would consider becoming a signatory to the Brussels Treaty, or on what terms she would place air bases at the disposal of the United States. It is an open secret that the U.S. War Department, disappointed at the evident determination of the three Scandinavian countries to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality, is attaching increased importance both to Iceland and Ireland as unsinkable aircraft carriers; and it may well be that Mr. Attlee has taken soundings in Dublin on this aspect of Anglo-American strategy. Whether or not this is the case, a speech made last week-end in Donegal by the Eire Minister for Agriculture suggests that the Government in Dublin sees an opportunity to trade strategic co-operation for union with the Six Counties. Commenting that only the United States could prevent Communism from overrunning Europe, but that American strength could be brought to bear only with strong advance bases, Mr. Dillon significantly declared that Ireland could not take her place in the struggle against Communism unless partition were ended.

Australia's Banks

Mr. Vyshinsky, who has been telling the Danube Conference that law is always an instrument of politics and that proof to the contrary "is now known to be a legal fiction," would doubtless claim that his case was clinched by the example of the Commonwealth High Court's judgment invalidating the Banking Act, of 1947, which nationalised private banks throughout Australia. Indeed, Mr. Menzies, leader of the Opposition in the Australian Parliament, would appear in this case to share Mr. Vyshinsky's views; for he has declared that the judgment is not only a legal but also a political landmark, showing how difficult it is for Socialists to "have their way" in a federal country. As a long-term proposition this is true enough; the constitution was created by capitalists in a capitalist society. As far as this judgment is concerned, however, it is clear that the High Court, which was not unanimous in its findings, based its conclusion on strictly legal considerations. Three of the judges took their stand on the simple proposition that freedom of inter-state commerce was guaranteed in the constitution of the Commonwealth, and that an Act creating a Commonwealth monopoly of banking was therefore inherently unconstitutional. Other judges did not go so far in upholding the objections which the State Governments of Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia had raised against the Act; they conceded that the Commonwealth Parliament could legitimately regulate the operations of all companies, including banks. Their grounds for holding the Act to be invalid were, according to one judgment, that Commonwealth powers of regulation could not constitutionally be stretched to include "suppression." Further, in the view of other judges, the compulsory sale of a private bank to the Commonwealth Bank might be a sale on unjust, and therefore unconstitutional terms, since it would be negotiated, under the provisions of the Act, by directors nominated by the purchaser. In deciding to appeal to the Privy Council Mr. Chifley, the Commonwealth Premier, presumably hopes that, even if he cannot secure a reversal of the High Court judgments, he can at least obtain a closer definition of the sections of the 1947 Act which contravene the Commonwealth constitution, so that an amended Act may yet be introduced before the elections in September, 1949.

Patriotism and Tobacco

When all men talked of liberty, the English, wrote G.K.C., talked of beer. Future chroniclers of our days may similarly observe that in August, 1948, there was much more talk in England of cigarettes than of the German crisis or Mr. Molotov. Indeed, the shortage of Virginians is a really important matter to which the Cabinet has to give very serious attention. Apart from the time lost in queuing and in going the rounds fruitlessly from shop to shop, there is little doubt that a cigarette famine would lead soon to a sharp drop in industrial productivity. The question is what can be done about it. There is no mystery as to the causes of the present shortage. The last war led to an enormous increase in smoking. In 1937-38 we consumed about 185 million lbs of tobacco a year; by 1946 consumption had risen to 250 million lbs, and in the twelve months ending April, 1947, manufacturers actually withdrew 258 million lbs from bond. In the first six months of this year, dollar shortage has compelled us to cut down our imports of American tobacco to 36 million lbs, as compared with nearly 130 million lbs two years ago; and total imports of tobacco from all sources in the half-year have been reduced from 150 to 69 million lbs. There are still stocks in hand sufficient to keep us going for over a year; but, by the end of last May, we had eaten into our reserves to the tune of over 60 million lbs in twelve months. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Government should have cut down the rate of permitted withdrawals from bond to just over 190 million lbs annually. Indeed, unless there are bigger imports, it is evident that there are further, more drastic cuts ahead. No doubt, by blending more Rhodesian and Balkan tobacco, which can be bought with sterling, we can save perhaps 10 per cent. of our dollar expenditure, if the British smoker will accept a slight change in the flavour of his "gasper." Unless, however, Sir Stafford Cripps is prepared to use scarce dollars to buy American tobacco, our inordinate appetite for familiar brands of cigarettes seems likely to be unsatisfied. Smokes or machinery? That is the choice; and there is no doubt that Sir Stafford will feel that we ought to take the hard way and cut down our smoking until we are quite sure that we can get enough imports of raw materials and capital goods to put our house in order. But he has a powerful combination against him. First there is Mr. Percy Belcher and his Tobacco Workers' Union, who evidently feel that full employment is the due of cigarette manufacturers as much as any other producers. Then there is the powerful "lobby" of the United States tobacco growers. They have a bumper crop, and have already succeeded in arranging for tobacco to figure largely in this year's Marshall Aid shop-window. Finally, most influential of all, there is the cigarette smoker who, at a ruinous cost to himself, unhesitatingly decrees, in the conflict of patriotisms, that he prefers to smoke as much as possible in order to balance the budget rather than to bridge the import-export gulf by cutting down his consumption of American tobacco.

THE MINER AND HIS MANAGERS

The National Coal Board, declared Mr. Arthur Horner last Sunday, must speed up its long-term plans for the reorganisation of the industry and the elimination of uneconomic pits. But these plans, he added, must be "discussed and agreed" with the miners at all levels. This demand raises afresh an issue whose background is worth recalling. It is how far "workers' control" should be incorporated in the management of State-owned mines.

At the recent Conference of the National Union of Mineworkers the Scottish miners put forward a proposal that the National Coal Board's structure should be altered so as to give direct representation to the N.U.M. The resolution was defeated, and the leading figures in the Union declared their hostility; but it is significant that the question should have been raised with the support of at any rate one big area. For, of course, this is no new proposal, but the revival of an old one. When long ago, in the early years of the century, the miners began to agitate seriously in favour of public ownership, they drafted a Bill that would simply have handed the mines over to be managed by an ordinary civil service department; but during the first world war, under Guild Socialist and Syndicalist influences, they changed their minds, and their draft Bill of 1919—and later Bills during the 1920s—provided for the running of the nationalised mines by a Mining Council. On this the miners were to have half the seats, and the other half were to go to representatives of the managerial and technical grades.

Then came another change of front, due mainly to pressure from the leaders of the Labour Party, most of whom favoured the type of nominated National Board or Commission that has since become the established form in schemes of public ownership. There were prolonged arguments on this issue after 1931 between the Labour Party and the T.U.C., and the conclusion was a compromise which provided for nomination by the Minister responsible, but at the same time required him to include persons of experience as workers in the industry, or in other industries, among those whom he appointed. In the discussions which preceded the Labour Government's nationalisation measures the question of giving direct representation to the N.U.M. does not appear to have been raised at all. The Union got one of its own leaders, Ebby Edwards, put on the National Coal Board in charge of labour relations, and another Trade Union leader, Lord Citrine, in charge of welfare; but neither of these sat as a nominee of the Union, and both had to resign from their Trade Union offices on accepting appointment.

Thus, the policy of Government selection of members to form a National Board to administer the industry seemed to have been fully accepted. The leaders of the N.U.M. took the view that the Union ought not to become directly involved in any responsibility for the conduct of the mines, but should keep its independence in order to protect its members' interests, while giving, from outside, all the help it could in making nationalisation a success and in backing up the Board in the vital matter of thoroughgoing technical reorganisation. The assumption was that the Trade Unionists on the Board, aided by the numerous Trade Unionists who were at once appointed to regional and local office under it, would be able from within to shoulder the responsibility of enlisting the miners' co-operation in the day-to-day working of the pits, and that a complete structure of consultation, built up from the pit level, would suffice to meet the claim of the working miners to a new status. Side by side with this inner structure of consultation, there would be close contacts between the Board and its officers on the one side and the regional and local organisations of the N.U.M. on the other. Indeed, at the levels above the individual pits, the consultative machinery has been built up on a basis of nomination by the N.U.M. and the Board, and not by any system of delegation from the pits. The N.U.M. is thus as closely involved in the affairs of the industry as it can be without an acceptance of direct responsibility for its working.

At the present stage, these arrangements probably represent a sensible compromise, provided that they are carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter. It would be too much to expect that the miners' leaders, or the Union as such, should take direct responsibility for schemes of reorganisation which are bound to involve personal inconvenience for thousands of working miners and their families. So far, it has not been possible to make much progress with major schemes of technical reorganisation, both because of the shortage of equipment and because it has been necessary to concentrate on preventing a calamitous shortage in the immediate supply of coal. These schemes however, cannot be deferred for long; and when work is seriously begun on them, "Waleswoods" and "Grimethorpes" will be liable to occur in many areas unless the human side of the problem is tackled with understanding and good sense. The N.U.M. may give better help in dealing with such matters—closing of uneconomic pits or the revision of "stints" when changed conditions make it reasonable to expect a higher output—if it stands as an independent agency, representing the miners and not too deeply implicated in the Board's affairs.

All the N.U.M.'s help, however, will count for little unless the human problems are also rightly tackled from the inside. In general, the working miners have for the most part accepted the need for a reorganisation that will deeply affect their working lives; but this is a very different thing from supporting or even accepting it in practice when it hits them directly—for example, when they are told that *their* colliery has been scheduled for closing, and that they will have to go to new work miles away from their old homes. Men will not accept such hardships unless they feel they can trust the men who tell them that they are unavoidable. Furthermore, they must receive well in advance not merely full intimation of what is to happen to them, but also a real chance of putting their point of view *before* any final decisions have been taken.

For this to be done effectively, the machinery of consultation must be got to work really well at as many pits as possible. Not managers only, but the entire body of pit officials from the managers downwards must be induced to treat advance consultation of the miners, individually as well as through their elected representatives, not as a regrettable necessity, or a "fact" introduced under Labour pressure, but as an indispensable measure of getting the human response without which, under any ownership, coal-mining can no longer be efficiently carried on. It must be recognised that every man whose life and work are going to be profoundly upset by changes in pit organisation or by major re-planning has a right to be talked to and given an opportunity of talking back *individually* as well as through his elected spokesmen. If he is given this chance, the odds are strongly that there will be but little disposition to resist or to resent innovations that can be seen to be really desirable on technical grounds; whereas, if consultation is perfunctory, or fails to reach the individual, there is every prospect not only of having more strikes, but also of the spread of a sullen mood of non-co-operation that could do much more harm than strike action.

This real consultation at the pit-head is one side of what is needed; and it turns largely on the managers not merely doing their best to work it themselves, but persuading the subordinate officials to play their part—which may be a more difficult matter. The other side depends on the Board's own officers in the Divisions and Areas into which the country has been divided up for purposes of administration. The Areas, which are mostly groups of pits with a combined output of several million tons a year, are obviously meant to be the units for the bigger reorganisation schemes that extend beyond a single colliery. The Board's policy is to put each Area under the control of a single officer, an Area General Manager, who is usually a mining engineer, though he has a specialist under him with functional charge of "Production." Also under the A.G.M. are a Labour Officer, in subordinate charge of Labour and Welfare, and various other specialists; but the Area Management Committees, consisting of these specialists together with the A.G.M. as Chairman, which were originally put in charge of the Areas under the Board, are being superseded by a system of "one-man" control. This one man in each Area—the A.G.M.—accordingly comes to occupy a position of high importance; for it rests with him to hold a fair balance between the technical and the human factors involved in reorganisation. His natural bias will tend, because of his training and experience, to be mainly on the technical side. If things are to go smoothly, he will have to correct this tendency by paying very careful attention to the human side. The choice of the right men as A.G.M.s—right from the human standpoint as well as on the score of engineering capacity—is therefore crucial.

Reorganisation, even if all goes as well as it can, will have to be spread over ten or a dozen years; and for the whole of this period the risk of human mistakes will be serious. Mistakes, of course, there will be; but they will be few or many largely as the Board contrives, or fails, to diffuse among its officers in the Divisions and Areas, and among the mine managers and officials, the required new spirit of democratic human relations. If it can do that, consultation may serve as a foundation on which can be based something nearer to that "share in control" which so many of the more intelligent workers regard as an essential element in socialised industry. But "workers' control," or as much of it as is desirable, can come only when the foundations for it have been built at the pit level.

BERLIN DICHOTOMY

[By a Correspondent]

Amid torrential rains, such as this city had not experienced for nearly fifty years, Berlin "celebrated" the fiftieth day of the blockade. It was a memorable day. While the air-lift roared unremittingly overhead, through thunder and cloudburst, the last remaining Soviet officer in the Allied Kommandatura took down the rain-soaked Red Flag in front of the building, packed up what was left of Russian files and drove off (or swam) to Karlshorst, leaving behind as souvenirs on the walls of the bare offices a collection of Lenin and Stalin portraits. Thus Four-Power administration of Berlin came finally and visibly to an end. The only quadripartite organisations in this city in which the Soviet are still represented are the Secretariat of the otherwise defunct Control Council, the sorely tried Berlin Air Safety Centre and the Spandau Military Prison, which houses the Nuremberg convicts.

That same night Berlin experienced an artistic sensation of rare and sweeping beauty when the "Alexandrov Ensemble," a Red Army choir accompanied by a magnificent *corps de ballet* of Red Army dancers, gave a performance at the packed Opera House. For three brief hours "Soviet man" conquered the hearts of all Berlin, including those of his most embittered opponents. Outside the air-lift droned on through the treacherous night sky. At Tempelhof Airfield a Skymaster had missed its runway and crashed, this time fortunately without loss of life. Wearily one turned on the wireless for some news from Moscow, only to hear that matters there had "reached the decisive stage." A grotesque and at the same time revolting climax was apparently being reached.

The air bridge stands. Its fifty-day record represents an achievement which has surpassed all expectation. Ninety thousand tons of goods have been flown into this city by the British and American Air Forces. They have covered just under ten million miles, the R.A.F. alone making 9,340 flights. More coal is now being flown in than is at present consumed, permitting the building up of a small stock. Newsprint for Western-licensed newspapers was included in the cargo for the first time yesterday, thus averting the danger of Western publicity being finally silenced.

Yet, impressive as they are, these figures only underline the glaring fact that "things cannot go on in this way." Western newspapers can possibly survive the winter at their present fifty-five per cent. reduction without yielding key positions to Soviet propaganda. But the rest of the city's economy cannot survive: the 90,000 tons flown in represent exactly one-third of the total brought in during the same period last year by rail-road and waterway. The Western German currency, called by the Russians the "black market Mark," will certainly not be able to maintain itself and fulfil its function unless it is vigorously backed up by its sponsors. This they refuse to do for very good reasons of their own. Meantime Russian manoeuvres have not succeeded in dislodging the Western Mark from its favoured position. The rate is stubbornly maintaining itself at 2.70 Eastern Marks for one Western Mark.

The result is currency chaos. With the coming introduction of the "perforated B-Mark," Berlin will have five valid currencies and no goods on which to spend them. There will be the ordinary Deutsche Mark current in Western Germany, the Deutsche Mark issued in Berlin with a capital B stamped on the notes, the Deutsche Mark with a capital B perforated so as to prevent erasions, the Russian Eastmark, and finally the masses of five, ten and fifty Pfennig coins valid only in the Soviet sector of Berlin. To these must be added the postage-stamp-size five and ten Pfennig notes brought in from Western Germany (where they are not yet in use) in order to relieve the acute shortage of small change in the Western sectors. The Russian "Coupon Mark" has now disappeared, leaving behind it a trail of bankruptcies among those whose holdings were blandly declared by the Soviet authorities to be forgeries, and invalidated. Many an undesirable businessman was thus liquidated.

Currency apart, practically every essential facility in this city now functions (or does not function) in duplicate. There are two police forces, and two prefects of police who issue warrants of arrest against each other. There are two transport systems, of which that in the Western sector has the distinct disadvantage of shutting down at 6 p.m. There are two food distribution systems almost hermetically sealed up against each other. Less than one per cent. of the inhabitants of the three Western sectors took advantage of the Soviet invitation to register in the Soviet sector and be supplied from there—a plebiscite which is no less significant for its being unofficial. Greater trust was evidently placed in the reliability of the Anglo-American air bridge. Herr Füllsack, the Socialist chief of the Food Department of the City Council, has removed himself and his office to the Western sector. Herr Letsch, his Communist rival, is conducting business from the Soviet sector. The latter, a few days ago, succeeded in capturing a substantial part of the *Magistrat's* fleet of barges; they are now known to have sailed to the Baltic. Finally there are two gas, light and water supply systems. That of the Western sectors functions only between sunset and sunrise; there is no street lighting, electric current is available only during two hours out of twenty-four. Berlin is a dark city divided against itself from top to bottom. Even the sewage system has been "split."

All eyes are turned on the Moscow talks. Will the blockade be lifted? Somehow the feeling reigns that this may be too much to hope for. But the alternative—the present "crisis" as a permanent institution—seems beyond contemplating. A return to the pre-blockade Berlin—to most Berliners a return to almost "ideal conditions"—seems equally out of the question. One feels instinctively that the clock will not be put back. But how much forward will it be put on? That is the question everyone is asking himself while the air-lift drones on day and night towards its "century."

Berlin, August 16.

SANITY FAIR

Apropos of the British importing head-hunting Dyaks into Malaya to chase "Communists" in the jungle, Dr. Margaret Mead, the distinguished American anthropologist, was asked, in righteous indignation, by an American correspondent at the International Congress on Mental Health whether this was not a barbarous thing for a civilised people to do. She retorted that it is not the methods of war which are an outrage against civilisation; it is war itself, and the moral sanction it gives to killing, whether the killing is done by "barbarous" Dyaks, or by the White paratroops with Bren guns whom the "civilised" West dropped amongst primitive peoples in the Pacific war. The Western type of conscience formation includes (she pointed out) the particular relationship between man and God in which each man is required, for full moral stature, to stand up against any human authority if commanded to perform an act which he has learned is wrong in itself.

It is this "good guilt", the basis of our moral concept of right and wrong, which produces war-neuroses and war-hysteria in peoples who are being brow-beaten by policies or events into endorsing, on so-called rational arguments, something which their character-structure rejects. And this is true both of the individual or the group in Western civilisation; there is "collective guilt." As Dr. Mead told the conference:

> In Britain, to a lesser degree in the United States, and in varying degrees in Scandinavian countries, the citizens are responsible for the behaviour of the group, town, country, state, province and nation because they exercise choice in selecting those who govern them. Because they have freedom, therefore, they are responsible for the content of the group's behaviour. So Englishmen could feel guilt over the Boer War and Americans over the Spanish-American War, because their individual consciences condemned the content of their national behaviour and because they as free men were implicated by that very freedom. In this character-structure, it is not enough to abstain from sin; the command to act is internalised.

But this wise woman reminded the 2,000 psychiatrists, psychologists, doctors, lawyers, teachers, nurses and social workers gathered from 55 countries for "Sanity Fair" at Central Hall, Westminster, that there is a danger of Western "Psychiatric Imperialism." This is an attempt (and it is an attempt which will surely fail) to impose Western standards of behaviour on cultures whose character patterns stem from different "internalisations." In America, "Mother won't love you if you do this," or "Mother won't love you if you don't do that," produces "good guilt"—doing, or not doing, things about which you would feel guilty afterwards. The idealised version of that is the smug belief that you (or your nation) are right, and that others must conform or be wrong.

But, as she instanced from one primitive society after another, motives to do right may spring from quite different sanctions. The American Indian's behaviour was dictated not by guilt but by shame—the fear of being despised by others whom he had been bred to despise, and not the fear of loss of love or of punishment. So strong could this be that a Brave, alone in the middle of a lake, could be so ashamed by his paddle breaking that he would commit suicide, because, if someone had seen it, he would have been ridiculed. In Polynesia the sanction is pride. Behaviour is dictated by the approval of the group. Elaborate codes of ethical behaviour are evolved from shame and pride; but self-reproachful guilt, as in Western culture, will not follow from infraction. In Japan, it is not individual guilt but group-guilt. A father will commit suicide because the family has been shamed, a teacher because his school, with a picture of the Emperor, has been burned down.

In the traditional German character-structure, obedience and conformity were rewarded, and there was no innate sense that the individual should have personal responsibility for the content of behaviour if it was in the course of duty. Or again, in the pre-Soviet Russian culture there was a highly diffused sense of guilt, in the Dostoevsky pattern, in which it was possible to take on self-guilt for every human soul, to identify oneself with every murderer because one had experienced a desire to kill. To-day, according to Dr. Mead, this has been replaced by an attempt even to define the limits in which murder becomes worthy because it is committed within a moral system which the individual accepts.

What Dr. Mead and her eminent colleagues from many countries and many cultures were stressing is that, in a world community, ethics can have many different motivations and still remain ethics which can be directed to a common purpose. The Western civilisations, however, are arrogant in their assumption that the behaviour of others must spring from, and respond to, the same sanctions as ours. Before we can understand political manifestations, we have got to understand "what makes the other fellow tick." And, so far, we have not tried very hard; that is what this Congress has been all about.

Within the traditional character-patterns of each culture, the child, for good or ill, is formed; and the speakers of this conference produced a lot of common sense about the upbringing of the child, the importance of the family group, the stupidities of our educational systems and the handling of those psychological waifs, the delinquent children. They discussed the origins and problems of aggression and, in the Through-the-Looking-Glass fashion of the psychiatrist, suggested that "good aggression" is the dynamic of individual and community life. For "aggression" to them is not armies on the march—that is perverted aggression—but the assertiveness which is the mark of individuality. So that we can have, it seems, guiltless guilt and aggressionless aggression which are Good Things.

It would be easy to jeer at the self-importance of 2,000 experts who think they can set the world right, but no one who realises the true import of this Congress will dismiss it lightly. These are the people who, in one form or another—in the psychiatric clinic, in the juvenile court, in the alcoholic wards, in the Coroner's Court, in the broken home—see the end-results of the human conflict, of a civilisation in which people are losing faith in themselves, in their symbols and in their ethical standards. It is as much a disease as influenza, and war is merely its pandemic form. Confronted with this, they had come together from the far corners of the earth to make their testimony and offer service. When Catholic priests can come to terms with Freud, and the schools of psychiatry can forget their dogma and compromise between Sex and Faith, it is a notable event. Above all it is "Sanity Fair" with a message of hope. For over a year, three hundred preparatory commissions, composed of over 5,000 social scientists, psychiatrists, judges and others, all over the world, studied the manifold aspects of the problem. From those results a Congress Commission prepared the combined views of all of them, with a survey of what was involved and recommendation for action on a world scale.

The message? Men have long accepted war as inevitable on the grounds that it is "human nature." The most rigorous investigation of "human nature" has clearly revealed that there is no validity for such dumb acceptance. War is not innate; it is a social invention and, like all inventions, can be modified and transformed. A world community, not war, is "natural."

Ritchie Calder

PALESTINE

With the partial resumption of surface mail to Palestine, readers in that country should now be able to obtain The New Statesman and Nation through the usual channels. Should any difficulty be experienced please write the Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A LONDON DIARY

WALLACE! Thou shouldst be living at this hour! (Edgar, of course, I mean, not Henry.) Here are all the atmospherics, the cloaks and daggers, the secret agents and frame-ups, wild leapings from windows, beautiful women spies, sinister goings-on at Embassies—all the tricks of the trade except, so far, unless I have missed it in the stop press news, poisoning by powdered glass or an unknown Indian snake venom. Perhaps on second thoughts Edgar Wallace wasn't up to it; it is rather a Phillips Oppenheimer world we live in. If one tries rationally to understand these events, one has first to remember that to have been a Communist and to turn King's Evidence is a highly attractive and profitable pastime in the United States. There are thousands of dollars to get from the newspapers, and crowded lecture halls to hear you anywhere from New York to San Francisco. Mr. Truman, the *Herald-Tribune* and indeed all sane voices in the United States agree in ridiculing some aspects of the present Congress inquiries, which seem to have a political rather than a security purpose. This does not mean that the "defenestration" of the Mme Kosenkina is not a nasty story. Nothing, I'm told, has ever hit the headlines in a bigger way. If the story told is correct, Mme Kosenkina was a schoolteacher who went to the Tolstoy farm rather than obey orders and go back to the Soviet Union. She was taken from there to the Soviet Consulate and threw herself from a window in order to obtain her freedom. Then there is the American naval attaché who is said to have been framed in the U.S.S.R. That he may have been trapped by the Russian police is likely enough. But that he was collecting information of a character which the Russians and perhaps other nations would regard as secret is also probable; to collect it is the "off the record" job of military and naval attachés. Then there is the case of a Russian girl in Sweden who, according to the story, has for years been playing hide-and-seek with the Soviet authorities. Add, for good measure, the ludicrous rumours about Soviet mobilisation against Tito and the apparently authoritative report that an ex-chief of Staff of the partisans has been shot trying to escape from the country. Our own little story of Czech and Hungarian Olympian athletes who have now been accepted by the Home Office as refugees seems comparatively very small beer. The most serious side of all this is that it creates a tension singularly inimical to reaching any agreement in Moscow.

* * *

For the first time in history, I think, an international congress is to consider the international problem of population. It opens at Cheltenham on August 23rd, and will last till the 27th. Its peculiar interest lies in the fact that it will be addressed and attended not only by experts like Margaret Sanger, Lord Horder and Kenneth Walker, and so on, but also by people who understand the social problem involved in countries like China and India, where population presses most heavily on food supplies. We may really learn something about the practical difficulties of applying population checks to the special problems of different nations. There are two fundamental ways of circumventing the Malthusian "law," which, in its original form, seemed to demonstrate that the standard of living could never be improved because increased productivity is offset by increased population. The first, which I have heard people talk about in airy terms in the past, is to spread Western ideas of contraception. It will be interesting to hear what a Hindu has to say to that as a solution in India. The second method is to raise the productivity of the country by industrialisation, soil conservation, improved methods of agriculture, and to raise it so rapidly that a new generation sees the chance of a better standard of life and becomes determined to maintain it. Contraception is not the whole answer here. One quickly runs into all sorts of controversial problems, including the still obscure problem of increasing sterility in the Western world.

* * *

It used to be said of pre-war England that it was "paradise for the rich, hell for the poor and purgatory for the middle classes." Lord Woolton, ably seconded by the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press, is now trying to convince a moderately comfortable public that Britain is worse off than other countries. The facts are strikingly against them. Though the standard of living for a large part of the population in the United States is high, no one tells us about what it's like to be poor in America—the worst poverty I ever saw in my life was in the Southern States—and the facts about steak at 17s. 6d. a lb. and butter at 5s. have only just begun to trickle through to the public here. In that land of meat and butter, professional people can seldom afford either. It would be easy to make a tour of less comfortable countries, not forgetting France or Italy (nearly three million Italians are unemployed) and contrast our own situation, where for the first time in my recollection we can go about our business without the unpleasant feeling that hundreds of thousands of people have not enough to eat, and many of them no work to do. People who have worked all their lives in slum areas tell me that to-day poverty in the old hungry sense no longer exists. Whatever its shortcomings the Labour Government has been as good as its word about full employment and enabling everyone to have his or her share of the necessities of life. Short memories have already forgotten how deep a scar unemployment made on our pre-war life. When I hear people talk about how badly the miners work, I recall that the best preparation for hard work is not fifteen years of stagnation. I was reminded of what conditions used to be like in many coal mines only a few years ago by again seeing in a village cinema that admirable film, *The Stars Look Down*. It is surely ground for solid satisfaction to know, as Arthur Horner has pointed out, that one reason why the National Coal Board shows a deficit is that miners are no longer compelled, as in this film, to risk their lives in a dangerous seam. That's the sort of fact we should really be proud of and which would make, one would have thought, a headline in a newspaper which wanted to encourage us and was not more interested in finding reasons for downing the Government. I am told that the conditions of mining may soon be transformed by the installation of fluorescent lighting in the pits. It needs but little imagination to anyone who has seen the black holes in which miners work to realise the difference that proper lighting will make to safety.

* * *

That William Jennings Bryan of the U.S.S.R., Vice-President Lysenko, is trying to stage a Russian "Monkey Trial." The issue is not that ape-into-man is an affront to the Book of Genesis, but that Abbé Mendel's peas are an affront to Karl Marx. This Marxist fundamentalist has impeached his fellow-geneticists for observing the experimental proofs of hereditary transmission, as propounded by that bourgeois, clerical, premature Fascist, Abbé Mendel, over a century ago. At his instigation, the Academy of Agriculture has accused the Soviet biologists, Schmalhausen, Zavadovsky, Zherbak, Dubinin and others, of "servility to bourgeois, reactionary biologists" (the geneticists of the rest of the world). The Academy invokes Stalin, the "luminary of advanced science," and Darwin, whom it dare not denounce as "bourgeois," because he has a niche in the Marxist pantheon, against the heretics who dare to believe the evidence of their own experiments. It would be ludicrous if it were not sinister. The Royal Society elected the famous Russian, N. I. Varilov, a foreign Fellow, only to find that two years before he had died in prison on the *lettre de cachet* of his triumphant rival Lysenko.

* * *

Lysenko is an extraordinary phenomenon of present-day Russia. A peasant himself, he has won the blind faith of the peasants by what scientists everywhere regard as shrewd mumbo-jumbo. He is a follower of Michurin, an amateur gardener, who, like the American Luther Burbank, produced remarkable improvements in plant breeding by "green fingers" and little science. Lysenko, exponent of nurture against nature, of environment rather than heredity, has given farmers better crops by utilitarian uses of methods common-place to science. And he talks to the peasants about the "souls" of plants and "love-marriages," disdains experimental "sophistries" and scorns, absolutely, statistical genetics, which he does not even pretend to understand and damns by bell, Marx and candle. It must be rather embarrassing for J. B. S. Haldane, who in his excellent science articles in the *Daily Worker* religiously gives each its proper Marxist interpretation, to be confronted with this Marxist interpretation of his own work. He is, after all, one of the world's greatest statistical geneticists!

* * *

A correspondent in North Oxford sends me this poetic comment on the controversy about Logical Positivism:

Into my heart an Ayer that kills
O'er yon far country blows.
What *were* those blue transcendent hills,
What God, what systems those?

That was the land of lost content,
Real, Absolute and plain;
Those propositions erstwhile meant
Something, nor can again.

CRITIC

GOOD-BYE VIRGINIANS ?

THOUGH smokers have nothing to lose but their chains,
Those chains they are stubbornly hugging,
While the Office of Public Relations explains
They must take drastic steps, if no smoker refrains
From the habit of nicotine drugging.

But output will fall and production will flag,
Since workers, if smokeless, are work-shy,
So they substitute Indian and Pakistan shag,
And they boost up the Turk, but encounter a snag,
For the common consumer is Turk-shy.

They may hope to diminish the cigarette gap
From the Near East or British Dominions,
But they know very well as they turn off the tap,
That something in smokers will suddenly snap,
When the order is "Goodbye, Virginians,"

The smoker sniffs Turkish through any disguise,
He will crave his accustomed narcotic,
The lunacy rate will undoubtedly rise—
If the smoker sees life without smoke in his eyes
He is apt to become quite neurotic.

When the smoker has stubbed out the final fag-ends
Of "gaspers" that cross the Atlantic,
The news that the Government rashly intends
To market a mixture of filthier blends
Will drive him increasingly frantic.

The import of baccy to aid Istanbul
Is no longer a matter for joking,
The worker betrayed will just lay down his tools
If tobacco controllers are such ruddy fools
As to tamper with national smoking.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

If a patient breaks a denture by biting on a hard sweet, he has merely forgotten for the moment that he is wearing a denture. If, as was actually done a short time ago, he takes out his dentures and places them on the grass in the path of an on-coming lawn-mower, the resulting broken denture is due to a deliberate lack of care.—Letter in *Grimsby Evening Telegraph*. (W. M. Marckwald.)

A son said he had no complaint about the treatment at the hospital but he thought that people visiting patients should be spared the shock of finding them dead.—*Evening News.* (Mrs. Willson.)

There is nothing inherently Socialist in Ministers and Civil Servants enjoying unlimited petrol at the public expense.—*Daily Mail.* (Tom Ainsworth.)

Although philately in Great Britain is, in the main, conservative in its behaviour, the Club has attempted and succeeded in introducing a certain amount of democracy.—*Stamp Fair.* (G. H. Hoffman.)

OLYMPIAD XIV

The Olympic Games are over and the 7,000 doves which three weeks ago informed the world of their duty to keep the sacred peace have returned to their cots. Yet the games do not seem, as so often in the past, to have brought international strife to the boiling point or noticeably reduced the chances of peace—at least among the competing nations. In fact, it has all been a great success, and our daily papers are loudly united in reminding the modest British that they have been the best of hosts, the cleverest of organisers, and, it must be added, the most self-effacing of competitors.

Only one record goes to Britain; we provided more spectators than all the regimenting of Berlin or the glamour of Los Angeles could produce. But there is no medal—yet—for multitudinous spectatorship; and, as we look at the final score board, we realise that the national genius for being proud of our defeats is being put to a stern test. In consolation for lack of success, let us run over the more time-honoured excuses—for, since Britain has always done unexpectedly badly in the Olympics since 1896, the discussion of the results is fairly well stereotyped by now.

First of all, of course, there is the food excuse. How can you expect Britain to compete successfully when she is so strictly rationed and so underfed that the surprise is that our runners had the stamina to complete the gruelling 100 metres course? This is a Useful Excuse For All Occasions; it explains our failure in sports, the failure of our racehorses ("shortage of bran mash, and competition for the limited supplies of grass"), our low productivity, even our inhospitality to tourists, and, what is more, explains it all with just a suspicion of superiority, because the food shortage is part of our War Wound, which shows how long, how hard, how gallantly we fought. In fact, the food excuse is far older than the war. Fifty years ago it took the form of saying that all Englishmen ate too heartily, and then twenty years later of saying we didn't eat scientifically enough. A variation on this theme is the weather excuse, which blames the lack of sunshine for our athletes' failure, though it might have been expected that this year at least the home team would have revelled victoriously in the familiar glutinous mud provided by an English August.

The not uncommon excuse that the British are decadent only appeals in this country to those who want to use it as a stick with which to beat the Socialists, but it naturally has a wider appeal to the Americans, who have always won the games and thus proved their racial virility. Yet even this tidy explanation has run into some trouble in the United States since it became apparent that the best American athletes were Negroes. It is an odd fact that Mel Patton was the first white man to win an Olympic sprint in 20 years. Can it be that in these matters Negroes have a real racial superiority? If that is true, then surely Britain, in spite of the brilliant Jamaica team, can be accused of failing to exploit the wealth of her colonial Empire. It is to our credit that we were the first country to introduce Negro runners into the games; two Kaffirs entered the Marathon in 1908. One of them finished 14th and would undoubtedly have done better if he had not been chased a mile off the course by a savage dog with strong views on white supremacy. But to-day we hear of Central Africans who jump over seven feet, or casually run a quarter mile in 40 seconds, yet none appeared at Wembley. An appeal for local talent to the Fon of Bikom or the Oni of Ife might easily produce in 1952 a British team black but victorious.

Another of the more arrogant forms of excuse for our failure is to dismiss athletics as not our sort of sport. The British, we boast with conscious pride, are too modest to enjoy a game which singles out individuals for especial praise, we prefer to sink name and fame in the glory of the team (one might suppose from this argument that Hutton and Bradman lost their name for a number when they joined a cricket team). This particular excuse has received an extra fillip this year from the fact that we did so well in the team sport of rowing, though cynical foreigners, gazing at our temporary Venetian landscape, assumed that our superiority was due to boating being our normal means of travel. But at football—a team game we certainly gave to the world—we hardly covered ourselves with glory, and our attempts to impress foreigners with our skill at the national game of cricket were rendered futile by England's test team scoring 52 all out, on the last day of the Olympics. Nevertheless it is true that, though the London Athletic Club is the oldest of its kind in the world, the British public have never really regarded running and jumping as a sport quite worthy of serious consideration. But this is a defeatist attitude; it is possible for countries to suggest new events for the games—America put in basketball a few years back. Here at least is a chance for Britain to urge the merits of our real national sport—darts, and to insist on its proper accompaniment with pints of English beer. Few foreigners could stand up to us on that!

And lastly, the great and overwhelming excuse of the good loser: we are real amateurs, incurable amateurs, we play the game for its own sake, not just to win. This is always said with a slighting glance at the Americans, whose eternal success is explained by the fact that they take athletics seriously, pay their coaches vast sums, and subsidise young hopefuls through college. This excuse also has the merit of being perfectly true; to be successful in English life one must not seem to try, only effortless superiority is considered real superiority. This is something we learn at school and at the University—the swot is never popular, and how many of us have privily written essays at Oxford, like an early Christian celebrating mass in the catacombs, to avoid the indignity of admitting that we were working. A. J. Balfour was candid enough when surprised at work in his study one morning to admit that he was preparing his impromptu replies for the House that afternoon, but he was aware that such effort must be carefully concealed. Signs of preparation are fatal to oratorical success. To be a success in English politics it is essential to want to be something else. To take as examples only famous Foreign Secretaries: Lord Grey never failed to express his preference for birdwatching to diplomacy, Lord Halifax said he would rather be a Master of Foxhounds, and even Mr. Bevin declares he really only wanted to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This anti-professionalism is one of the most engaging of all British characteristics, with its suggestion of detachment (perhaps even of Aldous Huxley's non-attachment) and its emphasis on the pleasant full life, rather than a narrow competitive existence. But effortless superiority does lose some of its charm when it becomes effortless inferiority. It was much easier to carry off an occasional defeat a century ago when Americans like Emerson could marvel at our speed, our wealth, our comfort and our efficiency, than it is to-day when so much of our glory is departed.

Perhaps it is a sign of this growing sensitiveness that we spend so much time making excuses for our failure in the games. Certainly it is a sign that we are losing our sense of proportion. It does matter if we cannot produce efficiently, it does matter if we cannot administer our Empire wisely, it does matter if our standard of living falls, but if we can't win the Olympic Games it really doesn't matter a single discus toss.

W. D. Clark

GRASS ROOTS AND WATER POWER

Nearly six thousand tons of rain fall on each acre of the Tennessee Valley every year. For generations, that water has eaten away at the soil, destroying the farm lands by erosion and flood. But in the fifteen years since Congress set up the Tennessee Valley Authority, the worst ravages have been checked, the water has been enlisted as an ally, and the people of the region have been drawn into one of the greatest social experiments of our time. For that achievement, the T.V.A. is justly famous. Its giant dams, in whose construction enough material was used to fill a hole ten feet in diameter driven from London to Sydney, are textbook examples of architecture and engineering. Its reclamation projects, based on the application of vast quantities of cheap fertiliser, scientific farming methods and the education of the farm communities, have begun to hold the topsoil on the hills and to put back into the land the fertility that man and water had drained from it. The electricity from its power houses has been carried across the mountains to increase the productivity of the farmer and to regenerate the economic life of the whole area.

Much that has been done cannot be measured in accounting columns. But, since the enemies of T.V.A. concentrate their fire upon its finances, I will let the facts speak first. Congress set up the Authority with comparatively limited powers under that part of the Constitution that reserves certain functions to the Federal Government, although the Authority itself is a corporation independent of any control save that of Congress. It was to deal with flood control, the improvement of navigation, the generation of power, the proper use of land and, in a general phrase, "the economic and social well-being of the people living in the river basin." To these ends, the T.V.A. has acquired total assets of about 750 million dollars. Yet, of the purposes for which it was formed, only that of power generation might be expected to pay a cash dividend.

The Authority sells its power wholesale only, through about ninety municipal and fifty co-operative distributive systems. The total investment in generating plant is 400 million dollars. In the last financial year the net operating revenue was over 20 million dollars—a ten times increase measured in kilowatt hours over 1934—which was the equivalent of a dividend of more than five per cent. on the capital tied up in power plants. Power charges in the region, moreover, have been reduced over fifteen years from six cents a kilowatt hour to less than two cents. That is what the public pays. The retailer buys power from T.V.A. for a fraction of a cent. This profit is reached after the Authority has made normal tax payments, allowed for depreciation and all operating expenses. At the present rate the total investment will have been paid back within forty years.

But what does cheap power mean to the farmer? I saw some figures prepared by a co-operative from which I quote these examples. It costs five cents to pump a thousand gallons of water: six cents to milk a cow for a month, shell thirty bushels of corn or saw a cord of wood: three cents to churn seventy pounds of butter or light a whole farm for one evening. Hal Butler, a farmer not far from Knoxville, who does everything but dry his hay by electricity, so far as mechanical devices permit, told me that his total electricity bill in a winter month was less than twenty dollars. "I would need three extra hands," he said, "to do the equivalent amount of work, and they would cost me up to four hundred dollars a month all told."

These are not the only benefits which can be estimated with some accuracy. In 1933, at the depth of depression, the *per capita* income of the valley was only forty per cent. of the national average. In twelve years it has increased by fifty per cent. The net increase in income of individuals in the region over these years amounts to more than 2,000,000,000 dollars. Tens of milons have been saved by averting the disastrous oods that periodically swept down from the ountains. More than eighteen thousand new usinesses have started. Freight transportation n the river at all seasons, with all that means economy and convenience, has multiplied four five times. Meanwhile, commerce and industry ave expanded as the farmers grew more prosperous, labour standards have been raised—the .V.A., though compelled to follow the general ractices of segregation in the South, has always aid a rate for the job irrespective of colour and as had first-class relations with the trade unions -and new sources of income, from tourists, suplementary and distributive trades, have grown in less than a decade. The examples are umerous. The total fish catch from the reseroir above Wheeler Dam last year was worth ore than the total farm production of the valley oor flooded to make the seventy-mile lake. One rmer I met had increased his annual income in ash from 600 dollars in 1937 to 11,000 dollars st year. Jim Gallaher, a dairyman, told me at his smallest monthly cheque for milk from herd of twenty-five cows is now equal to his tal yearly income in 1938.

Economic progress alone, however, is not the nly yardstick. In fifteen years the T.V.A. has ut a floor under the economy of the region. n the face of often bitter opposition, sometimes om the very people it was trying most to help, has established itself as an integral part of the egion. Its physical contribution has been imense. Apart from its spectacular construction rojects, it has provided over 175 million seedngs for reforestation, millions of tons of ferlisers for which farmers—many of them in tates far from the Tennessee Valley—who coperate in the demonstration scheme have had pay only the freight charges. It has opened p a vast new recreational area, with a waterline long the river and lakes greater than the total oastline of the United States. But none of this ould have been possible if T.V.A. had fallen own on the human relations involved.

This, in one sense, is the key to its success. has had to manage on a shoestring of compulon. Apart from its power to acquire land eeded for one of its basic purposes, there is little can do without the co-operation of local agenes on the State and county levels, and the people hemselves. From the start, the basic philosophy the Authority has been to educate, demonrate and persuade. Farmers are not quick to iscard traditional methods: sometimes they ould not afford to do so, though their desperate eed for cash crops like corn and tobacco was xhausting their land and assisting erosion. Even o-day I have seen fields on the same hillside, wned by neighbouring farmers, one stripped nd gullied by water, another carrying a rich lfalfa yield. In the first case, the farmer has rawn on the T.V.A. for help and advice, has o-operated with the farm scientists at the uniersities in the region and with the State officials. n the second, for no reason that makes sense, e has gone his way, staggering on in ignorance nd poverty. Last year, farms totalling over hree million acres were directly involved in the st and demonstration schemes. But these are ut the nucleus of the plan. Each of those rmers is a channel through which his neighbours an learn the new methods, a member of their ommunity who is trusted, a working farmer hose crop yields and cash income prove better han any argument which methods pay. By this eans, T.V.A. has reached out into a conservave community and gained its confidence in a ay that might have seemed impossible in the arly days of the Authority.

This is the spirit which, to me, seems to pereate everything that T.V.A. has tried to do. s basic assumption is that the people are the nal and most important crop the land produces. he dams, inscribed "Built for the people of the nited States," the great generators and striding ower lines, the resources of the region's water, s fertiliser plant at Muscle Shoals, the highways has cut through the mountains, are means to a fuller and a better life for the region as a whole. It has been able to implement the promise of that assumption because it is staffed, from the top downwards, by men who passionately believe they are doing an important and rewarding job. They are able to keep the Authority afloat in the whirlpool of American politics because, whatever critics may say, it works efficiently and, especially, it works humanely.

How far is the T.V.A. a model for other experiments in a mixed economy? And how far, in the United States, will its lessons be applied to areas with problems comparable in scale or nature?

In essence, the Authority is a child of the New Deal's attempt to regenerate private initiative by Government help. Flood control and the improvement of navigation are specifically delegated to the Federal Government, and would not be undertaken by normal business interests because the return is indirect. But these activities, together with power generation, are the major purposes of the T.V.A., and are, fundamentally, the only things which required capital investment on a scale that Government financing alone could provide. Everything else could be done by other and more local agencies—and to a considerable extent is provided by them even in this area. The Authority is not socialisation in the sense that Europeans understand it. It is a vast—and gradually self-financing—public works project designed to stimulate the traditional business and farming activities in an area which had fallen into physical and economic decay. This is not to deny one whit of its value or achievement, and it may well be that the same principle will one day be applied in the Columbia and Missouri valleys. But the limitation of private interests involved has been tiny compared with the total stimulus applied to those interests over the region as a whole. That is one of the reasons that the Authority has survived the attacks of its critics. The pay-off is too impressive to be disregarded. The planning principle involved is a different question. The integration that has been achieved, the smooth operation of an authority with a multitude of diverse functions, the tradition of co-operation between a public corporation, the producers and consumers of a whole region, all teach lessons of importance to planners everywhere. So far, the T.V.A. is an American freak. But it is a freak that may be the pattern of the future of a large part of the United States, especially if another depression strikes.

"Here," said one official to me as we stood overlooking the Cherokee Dam, "we have taken the water back to the grass roots." That is why the Authority is not the Road to Serfdom, but the proof that even within an economy dominated by corporations, progress can be made. Even a hostile Congress could not tear down the dams and wash the new rich earth away. A sympathetic Congress may profit from what a few thousand men with a vision have done for at least a few million of the people of the United States.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

TWEEDSIDE

The rain set in with a sullen fervour. For hours it beat heavily, a fury that seemed to mingle the noise of muted thunder with breaking glass. Between three and four in the morning there was another sound, a sweeping in the blackness, a sense of movement and convulsion. It was this noise that took us from our beds.

The German prisoner was already in the stables, sitting on a box under a hurricane-lamp. The massive Clydesdale horse, Pinto, looked round lugubriously, deep in equine melancholy. The lamp showed some hens huddled in a corner, mute in the wet misery of fowldom.

We stood at the door of the stables and looked into the black wall of rain. Jamie cocked his head.

"She's rising," he said. "The hoor doesn't have to rise far and the neeps are gone. Aitchison's barley out there'll be under already. She's a hoor."

So, the river was a whore, the night was a whore. A whore is not a prostitute. A whore destroys suddenly, in revenge perhaps, an arbitrary viciousness. The word "hoor" was muttered into the night: the gods who destroy are to be reviled.

The German prisoner rolled a cigarette. A blob of water fell from the roof and destroyed it. "Gottverdammt." He rolled another and tapped the ends against an overturned feeding-pail.

The three of us went for the cows.

The rain was black, blacker than pitch and soot. The hurricane-lamp went out. Jamie had an electric torch with a grip that had to be clenched and unclenched so that current was generated for the bulb. It was almost useless but it prevented us losing each other.

Underfoot it was like a wet sponge, a soggy lack of resilience. The cows were waiting, grouped together on the other side of the gate. The German drove them and we counted them with our hands, unable to see. Their feet hit the ground with precise splashes. The rain had slackened.

When the iron chain was linked behind each cow in its stall we went back to the stables. The German took his cigarette from inside the pail where he had hidden it from the wet. Jamie went off to the house to try to telephone the next farm. Pinto suddenly set up a racketing stamp with his hind feet and the hens moved about uneasily. The beams and poles where they usually rested were dripping water.

The re-lit hurricane-lamp sent a thin protest of light towards the open door. It was very warm sitting in the stables listening to the dirl of the rain on the roof and the hard hiss from the yard. Beyond that there was the other noise, ponderous yet tremulous, a suggestion of gathering violence and concealed power.

The German listened. He was a youngster, brought up in Bremerhaven. He had been in U-boats and was now disinterested in going back to Germany. Farming had captured him and he knew nothing about farming in Germany.

"That sound," he said, "I have heard it at sea when a storm is rising."

I was thinking of the great Tweed watershed, the flanking bare hills and high sodden bogs that would not hold an ounce of rain. The German was working it out, too, probably more methodically. So many hundreds of square miles drained by one long river. So many inches of rain glissading off the smooth hills. She was a hoor, right enough.

"A pity there are not more trees," said the German. He was distressed by the thought of the tumultuous naked hills, unable to hold the persistent rain. It was a German distress, this feeling for the absence of trees. We had argued it before, with the working hypotheses of psychology layed out like specimens in a laboratory. This time he was right. His ecology was sound. To hell with the psychology, which was like discussing ethics in a slit-trench. Tweed was rising because the great southern forests had disappeared and there were no leaves and roots and undergrowth to hold back the water. Tweed was heaving in the darkness, becoming personal and Teutonic, a power of natural destruction.

Jamie came out of the night, rain pouring from a battered sou'wester.

"Aitchison's had it already. He thinks the sheep in the lower field have gone. Fifty of them, due for market. The banks have burst and the river's everywhere. He was down at the bridge an hour ago and it was quivering like a calf."

The bridge was a hundred years old, solid and immovable stone, built when masons could spend a day chipping a block to fit.

We sat and waited. There was nothing to do in the darkness.

"Aitchison's missus is expecting," said Jamie.

"You can still harvest crops if they're flattened?" I asked.

"Pick them up with your fingers if necessary. Or get the people from the cities to come and do it. Ach, but the dirt from the cities doesn't like dirt." James was fond of his irony. "It's not the damage, man, it's the impotence. We're defenceless. The economics of the matter will settle itself in good time though we, the farmers, will lose on it. You can't always insure against an act of God if you don't know what God's up to. They diddle you anyway. I have a suspicion that the Almighty is a director of insurance companies. But it's not that."

And it was not that. It was the year's work being washed away on a meteorological whim. It was storm, locusts, the plague. It was the casual fire that destroys a canvas, the dog that chews a manuscript.

When light came we saw it. A haystack, moving with the fulsome precision of a dowager at a tea-party, passed through the space where the bridge had been. That was on our tributary. When the stack was caught by the flood of Tweed it pirouetted skittishly and set sail on a sharp tack for the far bank, a quarter of a mile away instead of fifty yards.

Coming down Tweed was the procession of the drowned. A sheep, a cow, then a live and ecstatic duck that had come into its own.

Jamie scanned the surface with binoculars. "God, there's enough there to feed an army. It'll feed the fishes tonight."

A tree snagged in the broken bridge and a spray of water shot over it in a crescent. "Pretty," said the German. The rain had thinned so that we could see better. The hills lay like heaps of black blotting-paper and in the valley everything was aswim.

Jamie chuckled and handed me the binoculars. "See that wee house over there, beside the line of pines. That's Geordie paddling about up to his knees. He hasn't had a bath in a year."

A dozen sheaves of corn drifted like leaves on a pond. A wet strange dog appeared out of the river beside us, vomiting water.

Then a call came on the telephone asking if we could send anyone to help the passengers of a train that was stuck by a landslide. When Jamie came out of the house with the message he carried a newspaper in his hand.

"I damn near forgot," said Jamie. "D'you know what the weather forecast said yesterday? Mainly fair, some scattered light showers."

Berwick, August. NEIL MCCALLUM

WEIGHT

In his sitting-room at Churt, Mr. Lloyd George once regaled me with a comparison of English political orators. "There's Winston," he said. "The House of Commons is a theatre. You crane forward to listen; the phrases drop from his lips like gems. What consummate artistry! What premeditated brilliance! No one else, you say to yourself, could have thought of that image, that superb phrase. Perfect! Then he sits down. The curtain falls, and the Act is over. You applaud. But you are not convinced by a word of it. Now compare Stanley Baldwin. Every sentence he utters is commonplace. There is not a memorable, not a witty or elevated phrase. Just platitudes slowly and monotonously enunciated. But he's the man for the common jury. When he's finished *you agree with him.*"

I have often thought over these observations. They go some way to explain why Stanley Baldwin, and not Winston Churchill or Lloyd George himself, was Prime Minister during so much of the epoch between 1923 and 1937. It was only in the desperate days of war that the country demanded the exhilarative qualities which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill could supply. The qualities that they lacked and which Mr. Churchill even to-day, in spite of his age and unique fighting record, still lacks, is that which the Romans called *gravitas* and which we sometimes translate as "weight."

In England, as in ancient Rome, "weight" and cleverness seldom go together. I would not say that the clever men never acquire weight: longevity may do much to overcome a lifetime's reputation for frivolity. (Mr. Shaw has taken care to avoid this danger.) Moreover, reputations change. I think of the case of Stafford Cripps, whose obvious ability, piety and integrity have at last given him an unassailable position, surprising to those who remember the strenuous efforts made not so many years ago to discredit him as a clever and dangerous intellectual.

One of the handicaps that a man seldom overcomes is to be a good conversationalist. Wit, a gift for irony, a faculty for gracefully embroidering an idea—these make a man popular with his friends, but they will almost certainly deprive him of weight. The ability to see all sides of a question, so essential both to creative thought and to intellectual enjoyment, is fatal to a politician. Mr. Balfour, mentally head and shoulders above any of his contemporaries, is the classic case; he never spoke with compelling authority because his subtle and balanced mind bred hesitation instead of imparting confidence. Walter Elliot is among the best conversationalists of our day, but he was too obviously clever to carry weight in the top councils of the Tory party. In such matters, British political life moves slowly. When the young Disraeli, dressed to kill, first appeared in the House of Commons, his maiden speech, florid in manner and greeted only with derisive laughter, seemed permanently to have destroyed his chances as a serious politician. Deeply cast down by his failure, he consulted a wise friend, who told him that he could reinstate himself only if he could contrive to be sufficiently dull. Disraeli listened, repressed the exuberance of his fertile mind, and only gradually, when he had lived down his reputation for eccentricity, allowed his natural talents to appear in an unusual style of oratory that finally captivated the House. But it cannot be said that Disraeli acquired weight until he was also Premier and acquired an earldom. Gladstone, on the other hand, solemn, high-minded and sometimes, in speech, so involved as to be scarcely intelligible, already gave the impression of an elder statesman when he was in his twenties.

If you wish to succeed in politics, it is wise to hide your cleverness under a bushel. Our generation has known no one so clever as Lord Keynes; of all men I have ever met he possessed the most swift and perfect intellectual machine. He left a permanent impression on economic science, on literature, and on art. He lived to see ideas at which the economists scoffed become the commonplaces of official thought in Britain and America. But he could never have been a successful politician and he was not a successful negotiator, just because his mind was too quick and his superiority much too obvious. Like many intellectuals, he often assumed that he had won his case when he had got the better of the argument. He never learned Mr. Lloyd George's dictum about the common jury. He could expound the cause of reason to a group of business men in England or America with a lucidity and charm that were completely unanswerable. The meeting would break up in apparent unanimity. But influential members of his audience, less agile in mind, but sitting effectively in the seats of power, would recover from the spell on their way home. "That fellow," they said, "was too clever by half. He's playing us for a sucker. I could not think what to say in answer to him, but I knew he was wrong all the time." The terms of the loan to Britain were the answer of American business to Lord Keynes.

Cleverness appeals to the reason; weight may even overcome prejudice. It is no bad tip on occasion to allow yourself to be worsted in argument. You avoid the envy that dogs the steps of the dialectically brilliant; your opponent, delighted with his victory and warmed by the applause of those who have witnessed your discomfiture, may afterwards have qualms, and the audience in retrospect may begin to wonder whether you were fairly treated. Many a political victory has been won by modesty, and even more by stupidity.

A superb description of the quality of weight in English politics is to be found in the account of Lord Hartington in Lytton Strachey's essay on General Gordon in *Eminent Victorians*:

> In public affairs, no less than in private, Lord Hartington's decisions carried an extraordinary weight. The feeling of his idle friends in high society was shared by the great mass of the English people; here was a man they could trust. For indeed he was built upon a pattern which was very dear to his countrymen. It was not simply that he was honest: it was that his honesty was an English honesty—an honesty which naturally belonged to one who, so it seemed to them, was the living image of what an Englishman should be. In Lord Hartington they saw, embodied and glorified, the very qualities which were nearest to their hearts—impartiality, solidity, common sense—the qualities by which they themselves longed to be distinguished, and by which, in their happier moments, they believed they were. If ever they began to have misgivings, there, at any rate, was the example of Lord Hartington, who was never self-seeking, who was never excited, and who had no imagination at all. Everything they knew about him fitted into the picture, adding to their admiration and respect. His fondness for field sports gave them a feeling of security . . . They loved him for his casualness . . . They loved him for his hatred of fine sentiments . . . Above all, they loved him for being dull. It was the greatest comfort—with Lord Hartington they could always be absolutely certain that he would never, in any circumstances, be either brilliant, or subtle, or surprising, or impassioned, or profound. As they sat listening to his speeches, in which considerations of stolid plainness succeeded one another with complete flatness, they felt, involved and supported by the colossal tedium, that their confidence was finally assured.

If these are the qualities that bred confidence in the old political parties, those that carry weight among Labour supporters today are not really so very different. How often have we heard Labour orators sweep all before them in crowded meetings which applaud the most revolutionary sentiments, wildly responding to the speaker's vehement and shattering peroration! And how often have we seen some staid, dull and respectable figure, known and loved because he never says the unexpected and has been with the Movement, man and boy, for forty years, reply in a speech of exemplary boredom, which carries the day with thumping majority against his flamboyant opponent! Does weight here perhaps come only from the solid card vote which the defender of orthodoxy represents? Sometimes no doubt that is the secret. But it would be a superficial judgment which thus narrowed the commanding influence in the Labour Party of an avuncular figure like Arthur Henderson. Again opinions differ about the record and policies of Ernest Bevin. It is true that his domination has its solid support in the backing of the Transport and General Workers' Union which is so largely his own creation. But no one who has seen that burly figure holding forth at the rostrum of a Labour Conference can doubt that his hold is due in large measure to a feeling not unlike that which the Victorian middle-class had about Lord Hartington, that he represents in the most substantial way the interests and prejudices of the British trade unionist. Just as Lord Hartington could have been trusted always to say the expected thing about property or Ireland, so Mr. Bevin, whatever he does, represents working-class orthodoxy when he talks about dukes, dustmen or disloyalty to the Trade Union Movement. Here we reach the root of the matter. Politics group people in accordance with their common interests, prejudices and propertied position; into this bottomless and amorphous jelly of accumulated sentiment and tradition, those sharp shooters, the free-lances, the intellectuals and rebels throw, it seems in vain, their little squibs of awkward facts, novel ideas and reasonable arguments. But a process of fermentation is at work and, as the balance of social forces changes and groups with different interests and prejudices emerge, the discerning historian will notice that yesterday's flibbity-jibbet is todays' bore and that the weighty embodiment of current platitudes is now quoting *Das Kapital* instead of Mary Webb or Rudyard Kipling.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

What is there to be said of the Third Programme's ries of plays of the 1914-1918 war? There was ore to the project, I assume, than an attempt smuggle into the Third Programme material far low its normal level. If the idea behind it was to ow the mood and the attitude to war of the twenties en the attempt to do so through the drama was ill-nsidered; far better to have relied on readings from d talks on the autobiographies of the period. What erged from the series was, once again, the fact at the microphone is the sternest possible critic of e stage-play. It reduces drama to two simple inedients—the playwright's words and the actor's ice, a handicap which only superbly written plays n survive, and, since the listener's attention is conntrated on the words alone, it reveals in the cruellest y the inadequacy, the pretentiousness, the naivety the ideas the words express. Inadequate, pretenous, naive were exactly how the three plays, *The hite Château, The Unknown Warrior* and *For rvices Rendered,* struck one when considered as rious comment on war. Take, for instance, Raynal's *he Unknown Warrior.* How appalling the impertince, the vulgarity, of the title! The germ of a fine ay was there; the story of a soldier who volunteers r a dangerous mission which will probably mean his eath in order to win a few hours' leave with the girl e plans to marry, might have been most moving; t in the play as Raynal wrote it this poignant situaon is drowned in a spate of words, is made to bear whole edifice of rhetorical generalisations on war, e soldier and the selfishness and iniquity of those o old to fight. Similarly with *For Services Rendered.* Mr. Maugham is a most accomplished playwright and his best, i.e., when he is at his most cynical and ivolous, as in *Our Betters,* he stands up as well any contemporary dramatist to the test of the icrophone. But ideas are fatal to Mr. Maugham, d as a generalised comment on the evil aftermath war, *For Services Rendered* is pathetic in its inequacy. With possibly two exceptions the characrs are not such as we can feel the slightest symthy with. We do not for a moment believe that eir misery is due to the war; and they are racked ith self-pity, the least agreeable of emotions to see rtrayed in drama. Indeed, it is precisely here that e finds the corruption at the centre of these three plays: self-pity is their tap-root. The only interest they now have is as curiosities, specimens of the mood of a period in its most debased expression.

I would like to think that Mr. Dennis Chapman's talk *Economic Exhortation* was compulsory listening for our rulers, among whom may be included the governors and Director-General of the B.B.C. Mr. Chapman analysed with most refreshing coolness and sanity the effects on production of the speeches and talks of politicians and economists (and by implication radio programmes) on the economic crisis and showed that inasmuch as they excite feelings of guilt in their audiences they not only fail to increase production but may actually decrease it. Against mass exhortation, which Mr. Chapman most convincingly suggested sprang primarily out of the politicians' need for approval in the shape of mass applause, he advocated discussion of economic problems as they affect the worker himself at workshop level. For, as he pointed out, output depends on workshop morale, is an index of the worker's adjustment to his immediate environment and of his emotional relationship to those about him, both bosses and workmates.

William Salter

MOVIES

"The Road to Heaven," at the Academy
"The Kiss of Death," at the New Gallery
"Berlin Express," at the London Pavilion
"London Belongs to Me," at the Leicester Square

Those who remember the strung nerves and atmospheric violence of Alf Sjöberg's *Frenzy* will be surprised to find his new film somewhere between *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Peer Gynt.* It is described as a "miracle" film. It begins with plagues and witch-burnings, and then goes on to a young peasant's pilgrimage to God. Swedish landscape and manners and biblical anecdote rub shoulders with a disarming freshness. Our pilgrim (played by Rune Lindström, co-author of the story) encounters the night of the Nativity, Solomon's feast, a trio of prophets leaning on a gate, and finally the Lord God in high hat and merchant's coat on a hillside. He also makes money out of copper and swindles his way to a last ride in the devil's coach. The film is by no means as naive as its peasant beliefs; it does, in fact—to my mind successfully—achieve an awkward blend of fantasy and realism. This is a continuously beautiful piece to watch, but I must warn film-goers that it moves very slowly. At a guess I should say that anyone who enjoyed *The Day of Wrath* would take pleasure also in the serene and sometimes quirkish charm of *The Road to Heaven.*

The other films are thrillers. Easily the best, despite its title, is *The Kiss of Death.* There was no kiss of death in it that I could see, and even revolver shots seemed curiously ineffective against Mr. Victor Mature, who took three or four in the stomach at point-blank range and survived. Otherwise he is a not very lively hero, a home-loving thief who exchanges photographs of the kids with the assistant district attorney. He turns informer when his wife puts her head in a gas oven. The attempt to make Mr. Mature sympathetic is rather heavy-handed; but luckily the film has other and more vivid ingredients. The New York background is well off the beaten way, and there is a first-rate performance by an actor new to me, Richard Widmark. He presents something fresh and horrifying in the gallery of degenerates, and everything about him from his caressing sarcasms to his loud ghastly chuckles fascinates. Henry Hathaway's direction has provided some rare passages of tension.

By comparison the two other pieces seem tame. *Berlin Express* has the advantage of genuine backgrounds in Frankfurt and Berlin, horrific to encounter, and the disadvantage of planting some very obvious fiction in front of them. The attempt to work up a feeling of uneasy *entente cordiale* between representatives of the Four Powers makes the characters unreal, and the thrills are stereotyped.

London Belongs to Me is quite unmemorable except possibly for the highly finished portrayal by Mr. Alastair Sim of a fraudulent, soapy, widow-hunting medium. Otherwise this pseudo-Dickensian tale of a boarding-house, directed by Sidney Gilliat, manages to be entertaining, without for one moment engaging our sense of either reality or fun.

William Whitebait

JACK B. YEATS

An exhibition of eighty oil paintings by Mr. Jack B. Yeats was recently assembled by the Leeds City Art Gallery at Temple Newsam: this collection from Mr. Yeats's works of the last twenty years has now been transported to the Tate by the Arts Council, who will later show it in the Provinces as well. Jack Yeats is Ireland's most important living painter: but perhaps Ireland is not a place where the visual imagination can function. Light, though often brilliant, is usually quickly changing: moving clouds and mists fill the landscape with rainbow brilliance, so that visual perception, though excited by the continual drama of changing light, has little to seize upon for that slow contemplation of colour and form which alone produces the best painting. French light is without question the greatest single reason for the pictorial

The fable of the sage and his critics

A certain Philosopher, who had fallen upon troublesome times, was taken to task by some of those around him. 'Most Ancient,' they said, 'your constitution is enfeebled. You have surely had your day. How much longer do you propose to live, O Obstinate?'
'Your grandfathers,' replied the Sage, 'often used to ask me the same thing. And in course of time I have no doubt I shall discuss the matter with your grandchildren.'

Things go hard for Britain now, as for many other countries. But Britain has a stubborn vitality, a quality as difficult to define as it is to destroy. If we are true to our character, we shall find that we are young enough and strong enough to outlast this emergency, and many another yet unknown. That is the belief behind all TI's plans for the future.

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genius of the French: in all matters of visual perception and taste they are more alive than we are, while the Irish are less. A steady sun induces a steady contemplation of things visible, which in turn is productive of that special realism which is exclusive to painting: painting can express a sense of the life of things *directly,* without resort to the subjective devices of literature. The painter is in love with the specific object he is looking at, or has looked at—not with an idea suggested by it. The indefinite light of England produced the earliest impressionist painting; but the daylight of Ireland is altogether madder—there, a sort of kaleidoscope of prismatic effects transforms the solidity of hills and trees into intangible glitter or shadow. The imagination that feeds on intangibilities turns to a literary medium for its outlet, not a visual one. The Irish have no real visual art: the Georgian architecture of Dublin or Limerick is not an indigenous thing; its special charm is a quality of wistfulness—it is shadow architecture existing in a land that is foreign to its spirit, a land where the formal genius of man has altered the landscape very little.

Jack Yeats is interesting not because he paints well but because he remains true to a setting which hardly permits painting at all. We must recognise that his colour is toneless and his design almost non-existent. We cannot pretend that he has more than a passing acquaintance with pictorial art. In some of his earlier works, such as *A Lift on the Long Car, A Westerly Wind* or *High Spring Tide, Rosses Point,* Yeats showed ability in a certain minor idiom. Pictorial values were present there which he later discarded, almost completely. One cannot possibly feel that the majority of the paintings in this exhibition are anything but tentative in their suggestion of solid objects in space. Nor is each picture conceived in sufficiently three-dimensional terms. What design or balance there is exists primarily, I believe, as a flat association of highly coloured smudges: to read into these smudges a subtle or profound spatial meaning is to my mind quite impossible. The nervous, ragged character of his touches lends Yeats's canvases a certain rather obvious vitality: and, of course, we pick up from them a strong whiff of Ireland. But this is merely the result of processes of association. A realistic profile or face, here and there embedded in the crude swirls of raw meaningless pigment, can quickly set off an Irish reverie in the spectator who knows the least thing about that potently exciting country. But such an enthusiasm is an enthusiasm for the subjects of Yeats's pictures rather than for the paintings themselves. All bright colour excites: any surface marked nervously with such colours can affect us, in an elementary way. Add to these ingredients some recognisable fragment of an Irish scene and you have the emotive complex which seems to have been mistaken for an important new vision. It is not as bad as this, of course. But I react thus to Mr. Thomas MacGreevy's statement, in the catalogue introduction, that Yeats "must be ranked as one of the greatest colourists in the whole history of painting."

PATRICK HERON

BALLET

Prince's Theatre and Covent Garden

There are some important new items in Ram Gopal's programme, apart from his long Rama ballet; also a much larger and excellent Indian orchestra. His last dance recruit is a beautiful young Katak dancer, Kumudini, whose whirling solo in *Rajput Serenade* is performed with a smiling ease and elegance which are quite enchanting. Anura, the young Kandyan drummer, whose rhythms it is interesting to compare with those of the drummers in *Caribbean Rhapsody,* adds a brilliant Sinhalese dance. Ram Gopal's *Dance of the Setting Sun* has great nobility and beauty, and the flashing of his mobile gold-sheathed fingers, so swift that they seem to dart a thousand rays, enhances the inscrutable immobility of his face. His partner Shevanti's *Ajanta Dance Fresco* is one of the most remarkable things in the programme, and reveals her as a great artist. I cannot attempt to describe her slow, imperceptible transitions and modulations from one sculptured pose to another, nor the mysterious expression of her languid eyes. Ballet lovers must no more miss Shevanti than Rosella Hightower.

The Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo continues to present several new ballets weekly. It was a pleasure to see Nijinska's *Les Biches* again, if only for Marie Laurencin's decor and Francis Poulenc's music; but its equivocal perfume has fled from this once so piquant ballet. The young men, with the exception of Skibine, "disturbed the atmosphere" in undesigned ways; but Marjorie Tallchief's Adagietto was in the right key and Olga Adabache was a convincing vamp. Time and the Trans-Atlantic have, however, been a bit hard on *Les Biches.*

In *Brahms Variations* some lovely Nijinska grouping was rather lost among the welter of subject, musical themes and decor of deciduous pillars of pink Edinburgh-rock. Hightower's dancing was like a perfect pearl not quite extricated from the oyster; one hung on each fresh gleam of her re-appearance. The one lively dance in *Mute Wife* is brilliantly performed by René Bon; otherwise it is only redeemed by the good musical joke of Antonia Cobos's castanets, which brilliantly represent the maddening voice of the afflicted and now afflicting lady. I must add that this ballet was clamorously applauded. This company, especially the soloists Hightower, Tallchief, Pagava and Skibine give an exceptionally fine performance of *Les Sylphides.*

BERYL DE ZOETE

THE THEATRE

"What's Left?" at the Unity

"Trouble in the House," at the Cambridge

In *What's Left?* Unity have revived their tradition of political revue. This is a tradition of satire from the extreme Left which delights in hard-hitting. No holds are barred; the Queensberry Rules are as moribund as The Crowned Heads of Europe, whose decay is celebrated in one of the wittier songs by Mr. Geoffrey Parsons, the leader of the lyric-writers. *What's Left?* is a remarkable example of what can be done on the slenderest of resources; most effective dresses and sets have been conjured out of the flimsiest material, and amateur talent has been drilled to give its very best by the producer Mr. John Spag. Unity are lucky to have in Mr. Berkeley Fase a writer of witty, light music; one comes away humming snatches from his setting to The Eel and the Butterfly and the catchy finale. This is a partisan revue, and the satirical line is lifted more or less straight from the *Daily Worker;* so, Fabians, M.I.5, and above all (and too repetitively) Mr. Marshall, are the chief targets for the jokes. And, of course, the Cabinet. The big set piece in the second act, for instance, is a skit on Oklahoma, with Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison dressed as cowboys and talking Southern—members of the 49th State.

But surely the field of political satire need not any longer be left to the fellow-travellers alone (and the ruderies of the music-hall, where a crack against the Government always wins a round, as it always has). Politics affect our lives so much more obviously now than they seemed to do, and audiences can now take points on both sides. This is shown by the amusing, though not quite successful, *Trouble in the House,* a comedy in which a Conservative and a Labour M.P. are forced by the housing shortage to share a flat near Westminster. Here the satire is gentle, and each party gets its share. The two Members are excellently cast and acted: Mr. William Fox the Tory, Mr. Patrick Barr the Labour. Unfortunately the author doesn't quite last the course, and the play is anyhow too small for the vastness of the Cambridge Theatre. But I hope it will be successful enough to encourage managers to believe that the public are ready for more of this if it is good enough.

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Correspondence

A BREATHING SPACE?

Sir,—I hope Critic is very much in earnest when he writes of the "new effort" which will have to be made, and which he thinks "will have to begin amongst non-politicians." Perhaps the friend he quotes is "rather hard on the Labour Party"; but it has long been clear to some of us that the Labour Party is pursuing two distinct (and ultimately incompatible) policies; a home policy which, if rather unimaginative, is basically sound, and a foreign policy which has been, is and will be disastrous. It is also clear by now that Labour M.P.s will not carry their resistance to the latter policy to the length of defying party discipline; and possibly from a certain point of view they are right. Yet it is obvious that our involvement in another war would mean the virtual collapse of our society, especially as we should face such a war a divided people.

The situation to-day is that ordinary folk know the danger and dread it, though they try to live for the day and forget it; they feel powerless and are growing apathetic in consequence. But I believe they would respond to a lead from the thoughtful minority which is deeply concerned for the future of our civilisation; and that there would also be a response from groups in other Western countries, including the United States.

At present the plight of our intellectuals (in this wide sense of the word) is a pitiful one. They write books for each other to read; take in highbrow periodicals which purvey first-class criticism but are committed to no kind of action; and hang disregarded on the skirts of political parties. Is it not time they got together, before it is too late, for effective political action?

It would involve much self-discipline on their part. They would have to exchange the critical for the constructive frame of mind. They would have to strive for political influence as a group and eschew political power as individuals. They would have to find a simple common policy (is it so difficult?) and give up the habit of quarreling on minor issues. They would have to resolve not to try to divert the energies of the group to the propagation of their own private programme for Utopia. It would be hard: but how worth while! At least we should not see the civilised values we profess to cherish disappear without our having raised a hand for their preservation.

Who will give the lead for the "new effort?"

114 Church Lane, NORMAN WALL
Birmingham.

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

Sir,—Mr. Crawshay-Williams is surely right in saying that Joad's conclusion that the "vacuum" produced by Logical Positivism creates a climate favourable for Fascist ideas, itself implies that Joad's alternative, the traditional ideas of Western philosophy on moral values, can act as a safeguard against Fascist ideas.

But his argument to show that what we have called absolute values are not in fact absolute, itself cannot get away from the same basis of belief in the absolute. He says, "We all believe in Justice" and goes on to show how conceptions of what justice is have varied. But in the first appeal to justice, Crawshay-Williams has already sold the pass, by assuming its existence. Certainly the expression of men's ideas of justice, the "superstructure," have changed, but the foundations have remained stable in spite of needing development. As far as we can tell, nowhere have qualities like hypocrisy, cowardice, selfishness been thought of as being good, and this fact suggests the existence of a transcendental Absolute, known somehow intuitively. The content changes; men no longer burn "witches," but the reason for the change is a change in knowledge of "witches," and the fundamental idea, of wishing to destroy evil powers, remains.

So of the other values of which he speaks: although particular expressions vary, an unchanging core persists. Ideas of beauty vary, but does anyone in his senses call a cess-pool beautiful? To-day we of the West see Russian Communism to be over-riding the rights of man, but is it not a fact that even this is being done, though mistakenly, in the name of the rights of man, through an attempt to make good the effects of centuries of economic and other oppression? Conceptions of the way in which the ultimate should be expressed vary greatly and may at times seem to be contradictory, but man has always recognized that there is a difference between good and bad, beautiful and ugly, true and false, even as we admit such a difference in seeking to find the "best" way to fill a moral vacuum; and this recognition of a difference pre-supposes a belief in a standard of judgment, an Absolute.

True, the Churches have sometimes thought it their duty to provide moral sanction for the actions of the State. But the Church as it has existed as an institution has not been an infallible Church; it has gone wrong in its expressions, yet a "loyal remnant" which has seen the greater mission has always borne witness to the existence of an absolute morality.

The fact that there is no means of objective verification of the real Absolutes does not prove their non-existence. A parallel can be found in the writing of history. This can never be completely objective—the writer must select facts and give weight to some as against others, and in this process must inevitably express his bias, but this does not disprove that there are facts of history. In writing history, the historian always brings to the facts his interpretation of them, his faith. And in considering moral and other Absolutes a prior faith of some kind is unavoidable. It may be that only something like a historical revelation, as that claimed by Christianity, for example, can demonstrate the Absolute standard, and this can only be accepted in faith. A philosophy must be built on a faith, and the only "proof" will be its rationality and coherence as it is applied to all known facts and events. The assumptions in traditional Western philosophy of absolute moral values have been leading towards a civilisation where man is free, and expression is given to his individual worth; their rejection, whether in Fascism or present-day Communism, is reducing man to the state of a caged animal, or cog, of no inherent value. Proof is not possible, but events suggest that a faith in this philosophy has been justified in the past and in present-day world events, and this is sufficient to justify their use to fill the present vacuum. A. D. HATTON

Richmond College, University of London.

MALAYA

Sir,—Mr. Graham Hough forgot to mention two important facts about Malaya: first, that the administration has failed to provide the Malayans with enough to eat; secondly, that it has not allowed them to possess those democratic rights which, in Britain and the U.S.A., are considered the natural right of every white man.

In Malaya the average daily consumption of rice before the war was 18 oz daily. To-day the ration is 6 oz, which costs more than the 18 oz did before the war. Sir John Hay has estimated that by the time the worker has bought the rest of his food in the black market it has cost him nine times more than it did in 1940. It is true that wages have risen, but they have by no means caught up with the rise in the cost of living. What actually results, of course, is that people are just not properly fed.

There is proof that the undemocratic Colonial Office constitution has aroused no enthusiasm in Malaya. The *hartal* of last October left Singapore streets empty and silent. The Singapore elections were boycotted by all national parties. Only 22,000 people registered to vote out of a total which was first estimated at 220,000, and later hurriedly altered to 110,000. When the election finally took place, only 14,000 recorded their vote in a city with a population well over the half-million mark.

The proof that, apart from the Sultans and the wealthy Kuomintang Chinese, there is little

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enthusiasm and much opposition to British rule in Malaya is shown by the size of the armed force at present engaged to crush the national movement in Malaya. The American press has estimated the troops under British command at 20,000. There are also 10,000 armed police, as well as 10,000 armed full-time special police and 3,000 armed part-time special police. Practically every European is armed. If the trouble in Malaya is caused by a few terrorists, it would hardly seem necessary to deploy 50,000 armed men, as well as a considerable number of planes and naval craft to suppress them. Malaya, after all, has only a population of just over 5 millions. The British Commander, General Boucher, has already acknowledged that he is fighting a "National Liberation" army.

The present war in Malaya is a deliberate attempt to keep an unwilling people under foreign rule. The long list of repressive measures taken and of trade unionists killed or imprisoned shows the real nature of the struggle. The dispatch of further British troops to fight a plantation-owners' war in the Malaya jungles will not increase the reputation of the Labour Government either at home or abroad.

6 Cheyne Row, S.W.3. GORDON STEWART

MR. BEVIN AND THE ARABS

SIR,—Mr. L. J. Cadbury must be incredibly innocent to dispute your assertion that every Arab politician believes that, in starting the war against Israel, he was carrying out British policy. What else do the facts prove? What does Mr. Cadbury suppose the Foreign Secretary's policy to have been since last November? Urging moderation on the Arabs or warning them that an aggressive war would bring down the wrath of the Foreign Office upon their heads?

As if to demonstrate to the Arabs that belligerency and intransigence would pay, Mr. Bevin turned the heat full on the luckless U.N. Palestine Commission: so much so that it cried not only quits but: "The refusal of the Mandatory Power to co-operate in implementing the plan, its rejection of any progressive transfer of authority, and the inability of the Commission to be in Palestine, constitute a serious jeopardy to the discharge of the Commission's responsibilities." (April 13th, 1948.) When the Arabs saw the Government playing this brand of skittles, who could blame them for taking the hint and going the whole hog after May 15th?

It was only later, when the deficiencies of the Arab armies had become apparent, that the Foreign Office became a little frantic in calling upon the Arabs to desist. For had the Arabs—under the threat of sanctions—continued their aggression, Israel would probably have beaten the daylights out of them. This would have brought discomfort to the Arabs and Mr. Bevin impartially. It was, therefore, not specially surprising that Count Bernadotte found it possible before leaving New York to deny that Britain was urging the Arabs to fight. Incidentally, the mediator also remarked about that time that the decision to keep 10,000 Jewish refugees in the Cyprus concentration camp was not his but that of the British Government alone. (This fact was concealed from the House of Commons when the Colonial Under-Secretary replied to a question on this subject on July 26th). What conclusion does Mr. Cadbury think the Arabs will draw from this? J. ANTHONY

93 Hornsey Lane, N.6.

JAMES JOYCE'S LETTERS

SIR,—The Administrators of James Joyce's estate have agreed that an edition of Joyce's letters should be prepared, to be published in the British Empire by Faber and Faber, Ltd., and in the United States of America by the Viking Press Inc. The editor of the letters will be Mr. Stuart Gilbert.

We shall be grateful if anyone possessing letters from James Joyce will either lend them for copying or send photostat copies of them. Letters can be sent either to Faber and Faber, 24 Russell Square, London, W.C.1, or to The Viking Press, 18 East 48th Street, New York, 17, according to the convenience of the owner. Original letters will be returned immediately after copying.

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NEGLECTED CHILDREN

SIR,—The essence of the problem of the neglected child is that it is one which requires to be dealt with appropriately at widely differing stages. It is sometimes necessary to remove a child for a time from a home that has become a serious handicap to his development and to provide him with a community environment which combines freedom with security and affection. Some of the lessons learned from the pioneer work of Q Camps are to be turned to account by a group of people who were greatly interested in and inspired by that experiment in social readjustment. A permanent hostel school is now to be established to receive boys and girls from 9 to 15 in a large country house with ample facilities for healthy development, where intellect and imagination will be stimulated by a carefully chosen staff.

The law does already allow to some extent for the rescue of children in need of care or protection, but even the Courts and Local Authorities, with all their powers to place these children in better environments, are facing great difficulty in finding adequate suitable places. One such place, at any rate, will soon be available to provide a happy home life and a good education. It may also, so far as is consistent with our main object, provide further opportunities for training and research.

Readers interested to receive further details, or willing to contribute to the cost of equipping the house, which is situated in a pleasant village in Hampshire, should write to the Secretary, Children's Social Adjustment, 36 Carlton Hill, N.W.8.

MARJORIE E. FRANKLIN (*Chairman*)
GWYNETH ANDERSON (*Hon. Appeal Sec.*)
BRYAN ANSTEY
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BAT'S SQUEAK

SIR,—Mr. Calder says that the bat's "squeak" is "inaudible to us," and that it "sends out its signals on a frequency of 50,000 vibrations" which "are quite inaudible, except for a repeated click, or a buzz, the buzz being a repeated series of clicks." Does he mean that the "squeak" and the "buzz" are identical? If so, how does he account for the fact that numbers of people, of whom the writer is one, can hear the "squeak" quite distinctly, and that it is *not* a "buzz"? Apparently Mr. Calder's urge to be popular has conflicted with his desire to be scientific. LEONARD C. SOPER

50 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

KROPOTKIN

SIR,—I am collecting material for a biographical study of the Russian writer and revolutionary, Peter Kropotkin. If any of your readers can assist me with information or the loan of original documents, such as letters from Kropotkin, or by indicating obscure sources of information, I shall be very grateful for their help. GEORGE WOODCOCK.

Studio 5,
5 Kensington Church Street,
London, W.8.

HARRY PRICE

SIR,—Having been appointed literary executor of the late Harry Price, I am now engaged in collecting material for his biography. I would be grateful to receive letters, personal memoirs or any other material relating to him and his work. Such material will be copied and returned, and in case of publication due acknowledgment will be made. PAUL TABORI

14 Stafford Terrace, W.8.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

HE transition from the "I" to the "we" books, om "the house where I was born" to "our wn," has not made the progress we were in-ined to foretell in the Thirties. Choked at rth by the rough, enthusiastic methods of the arxian midwifery, the collective mind failed to ve out more than the first scream and then, as r as literature is concerned, died; for, unlike the olitician who can always impose his errors, the naginative writer cannot. His very words ex-ose him in his first sentence and he is done for. et, obviously, the collective mind was a subject d the war must have convinced us, if the politics f the Thirties did not, of our peculiar, our really ry moving and tragic anonymity: how was it to e brought to the page? We had tried the com-on man, the mindless man, the dumb ox, eatures who were, now one thinks of it, nothing ut individuals of very low power, obscurely egistering: M. Camus had picked just such a haracter in his first novel *L'Etranger* (*The Out-der*). That was not good enough; the charac-r was not worth it. One had the idea that the we," the "all of us" or collective mind was a ubject altogether classical and, in the Aristotelian nse, great. It is M. Camus, after that first lever aberration, who has at last grasped the sub-ct for us. What Malraux did for the pre-war volutions in *La Condition Humaine*, M. Camus, more mannered writer, has done in *La Peste*. It now translated by Mr. Stuart Gilbert, under the nglish title of *The Plague*.* The fruit of a urious marriage between Defoe and Kafka, *The lague* seems to me likely to have a masterful in-uence on the art of writing novels.

> It is as reasonable to represent one kind of imprisonment by another, as it is to represent anything that really exists by that which exists not!

—the quotation from Defoe is on the title page of *he Plague*. The imprisonment is an imaginary estilence: "the unusual events described in this hronicle occurred in 194- at Oran," then an rdinary commercial city whose people are too usy with their trade to know much about love ven when they are engaged with it and where eing ill and dying are uncomfortable events, eighing upon the sufferer who is normally edged way in his corner by the more pressing business f the place. An ugly and soulless city, unsuitble for tragedy—we meet at once Camus's doc-rine of the "absurd,"—Oran is suddenly infected, ilenced, decimated. The rats stagger out and die n the stairways, the people die in their beds, the ranes stand straight and empty like the husks of nsects at the docks left empty by the quarantine. The analogy is obvious, but is not forced pon us. The aesthetic advantages of the oblique pproach are overwhelming—for people who have een through what we have, it is the only pproach—but they are thrown away if the novel-st can be caught with symbols too suavely ucked up his sleeves. As we read on, the situa-ion in Oran becomes stronger and stronger in ur minds; we are there shut in by the mountains, acks to the metal sea, in streets where an unseen ram will clang "briskly refuting cruelty and ain"; we watch those rats come out to burst heir lungs and die. An old man who used to rop bits of paper to the cats and spit on them hen they jumped, has no more prey for his ania; we see the hall porter collapse, read the revarications, the warnings, the official orders n the walls; we are shut in by the weekly totals, atch the single hurried burials become a holo-aust; and are caught by the traffic in passes t the gate. In this sense the novel has the laustrophobia of *The Journal of the Plague Year*, hough it has not the final, shut door quality of Defoe's conventional piety. (Defoe has the advan-ge there.) And as we are at last inured, the ind makes its own reckoning: this may be a arable of the occupation, it could be a parable of he Blitz, the concentration camp, the servile state, of the dark night of the soul, or the human condition with its original sin, "the plague" as one of the characters says at last "that is in all of us."

What Camus has learned from Defoe is level verisimilitude, the modest eye-witness's eagerness; then the easy voice, the "that's how it struck me," and the astute changes of viewpoint which are nevertheless kept in the hands of an impersonal master narrator. He is sometimes to be identified with Dr. Rieu who works himself to exhaustion in fighting the plague; sometimes with Tarrou the note-taking visitor who bleakly records the grotesque incidents; sometimes with Rambert, a journalist whose paper doesn't want trouble—or not too much—whose main idea is to get out of the place in defiance of the law. One might add to these three, Cottard the neurotic and attempted suicide, a man with a very bad conscience, who is cured by the plague; or rather, whose life is transposed to a higher key by it, his release and exaltation gradually growing to the homicidal pitch. And there is Grand, the poor clerk, enclosed in his clichés: his whole life is an attempt to break through the barriers of language, into a clear statement of what his life could have been.

None of these characters fully dominates the narrative. The chief character is really the town itself—Defoe again—and the emotions analysed are the collective. Here Defoe's range is passed because M. Camus goes beyond the sense of fear, self-interest and self-preservation which Defoe was never able to exceed. We know, for example, how the parted feel, beginning with the happy lovers, going on to the unhappy lovers and those who had sunk into the habit of getting along as best they could; and from this we gather the general experience of exile. This classical reference of every individual to a category greater than himself—it is not classical only but is part of the native sense of law and definition which almost every French novel has—is not blurred by the bland words of an essayist, but is brilliantly pointed by incident, image and epigram. The position of the parted, for example,

> enabled them to take stock of their feelings with a sort of feverish objectivity. And, in these conditions it was rare for them not to detect their own short-comings. What first brought these home to them was the trouble they experienced in summoning up any clear picture of what the absent one was doing. They came to deplore the ignorance of the way in which that person used to spend his days.

Again

> even if some were tempted to live in the future, they had speedily to abandon the idea—anyhow as soon as could be—once they felt the wounds that the imagination inflicts on those who yield themselves to it.

One even had the spectacle of a town

> tempted to live in a curious kind of servitude which put them at the mercy of the sun and the rain. Looking at them you had the impression that for the first time in their lives the people were becoming, as some would say, weather conscious.

Essays on the collective mind easily become transfixed by static incantation; but the observation and thought of M. Camus are in continual nervous movement, and part of the extraordinary excitement of this novel lies in the record of the changes of mind. The egoism of the early days goes. The people reach a stage when the capacity for love and friendship vanishes, when the lost images of people they loved can no longer certainly be remembered, and when the inhabitants are glad to stop concealing private grief and hand it in to the common stock. There are occasional outbursts of rioting and looting. Shots are heard. One turns ones head and understands what is going on beyond the house-tops. Complaints arise because of the cloud of smoke that blows down from the crematorium. A terrible, impartial justice rules in the prisons—and once more: the absurd—a quarrel breaks out between the civil and military authorities because warders who have died at their post are given a Plague Medal. At night there is an aspect not to be forgotten: M. Camus has a genius for switching from the incidental to the permanent.

> On moonlight nights the long straight streets and dirty white walls, nowhere darkened by the shadow of a tree, their peace untroubled by a footstep or a dog's bark, glimmered in pale recession. The silent city was no more than an assemblage of pale, inert cubes, between which only the mute effigies of great men, carapaced in bronze, with their blank stone or metal faces, conjured up a sorry semblance of what a man had been. In lifeless squares these tawdry idols lorded it under the lowered sky; stolid monsters that might have personified the rule of immobility upon us, or, anyhow, its final aspect, that of a defunct city in which plague, stone and darkness had effectively silenced every voice.

The austerities of the moral drama are brought to the testing point in Dr. Rieu, his friend Tarrou, Rambert, Paneloux, a Jesuit, and, one should add, the touching figure of Grand. Grand's life has been wrecked by mean poverty, and he exists by his sympathy for other unfortunates (like Cottard, for example), by a desire to make his mangled inner life articulate and important; hence the clichés. He talks comically of Cottard as "the unfortunate man," of his "grim situation" and his "secret grief." It is remarkable that M. Camus has not turned Grand into a conventional literary character. Grand is actually trying to write a novel, very romantic and banal, but is held up by the first sentence which he is continually altering and which is repeated throughout the book, and plays the role of the imagination as a resource in disaster. When Grand thinks he is dying, he insists that his manuscript shall be burned because he has failed of perfection; astonishingly he recovers, perhaps glad in his way to be left with reality. By a freak of circumstance the rats come out again about the time of Grand's recovery; the plague is abating. Paneloux, the priest, is confronted by a crisis in his faith which he clings to against reason in the last tortures of orthodoxy. He dies, but, oddly, not of the plague.

We are left with Rieu and Tarrou and Rambert. They must answer the question: why do we resist? Rambert is the weakest. He longs for his mistress in Paris and he will break any law and endanger lives outside to get back to her. Happiness is the chief good. The others do not reproach or betray him. They believe it is valuable to preserve a sight so rare and so much in the normal order of things: a man who believes in private happiness and love. (The fighting man alone is generous: the political rarely.) Tarrou, who had experienced a conversion to revolutionary politics when he was young, has now a horror of the murders of politics. We are all responsible; we all have blood on our hands. We must become saints without God and fight the plague that is within us. Rieu has no religion, political or otherwise. He accepts despair as the norm of life—his own wife is "safely" dying in a Swiss sanatorium—but believes it is his duty "to fight against creation as he finds it." One thing at a time, for him; he will think afterwards.

The Plague is a novel of epigrams—one remembers Grand, who "alone had the courage of his good feelings"—as well as a wonderfully constructed document. We must shudder at the temptations M. Camus has escaped: the realists' cross-section of unrelated lives, to name one. From Kafka comes the sense of an impersonal, impenetrable environment, the irony, the freaks of humour. How right Malraux was when he pointed out some time ago that what must be added to the American novelist-reporters was an intellectual content; but in this book M. Camus has abandoned *The Postman* and his progeny for a tradition which is European and humane. I would refer those who are concerned with the philosophy of Camus to Professor Ayer's lucid article in *Horizon* (March, 1946). I am not sure whether it is Existentialist; indeed, I still do not understand what Existentialism is. But it is obviously a philosophy which can be accused too lightly of being anti-humanistic. Its attraction is that it preaches survival on the new low level of life among the European ruins.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Plague. Albert Camus. Trans. by Stuart ilbert. *Hamish Hamilton*. 9s. 6d.

POTTED PIONEERS

Makers of the Labour Movement. By MARGARET COLE. *Longmans.* 15s.

The historiography of British Socialism is almost as curious as its history. The first history of Socialism ever written must, surely, be Robert Owen's very brief sketch in the *New Moral World* in 1838—only about ten years after the first known use of the word "socialism." But from then on, Socialism and the Labour movement in this country became almost totally unself-conscious. It seemed that they didn't know where they were going and didn't care where they had come from.

Other countries were very different. Villegardille had finished his work on the pre-history of French Socialism by 1846; Ozanam and Thonissen were on his heels within five years, and from then on Socialists and their opponents provided a steady flow of histories. The first good one was Malon's in 1872, and the *Revue Socialiste,* which he founded, gave more space to Socialist history than to anything else. In Germany, the first serious work seems to date from 1871 and a dozen others, including the excellent works of Meyer and Adler, very quickly followed. Publications like Bernstein's *Neue Zeit* were full of historical articles, and Grünberg's *Archiv,* in Vienna (much later), had nothing else. By 1880 there were general and national histories of Socialism in half a dozen countries, including the U.S.A.

Throughout the same period, English historians ignored Socialism and English Socialists were uninterested in their own history. In 1881, a lawyer named Orpen, translating a Belgian history of Socialism, added a brief note of his own on the British brand; in 1890, two opponents wrote inadequate comments, and in the next three years there came three other general histories, including the sketch by Morris and Bax. But there was no history of British Socialism, as such, until the second decade of this century, when two appeared, one by a German and one by a Frenchman (of whom the former, Max Beer, tended to lose himself among the trees, while the latter, Edouard Guyot, saw only the wood). A translation of Max Beer appeared in 1919, but there was still no native history.

As the years went by, the gap became more shameful, and the appearance of good histories of parts of the movement served to emphasise the absence of anything covering the whole. This gap (like so many others) was filled, with typical courage, industry and learning, by what I suppose one ought to call the Cole-Postgate axis. The appearance of another book on Socialist history by a member of the axis must therefore, *a priori,* call for expressions of gratitude.

Mrs. Cole has prepared fifteen biographies of forerunners and founders of the Labour movement, ranging from Tom Paine, Cobbett and Place, through Owen, O'Connor, Mill, Mitchell, Applegarth, Morris, Blatchford and Hardie, to Webb, Henderson, Lansbury and Wells. That choice itself indicates her method and purpose; each is intended to illustrate a phase of the struggle, or a movement and its methods. The idea has a great deal to commend it. The long story of all the campaigns and organisations that helped in one way or another to build the modern movement can make dreary reading, except for the specialist, and the biographical approach may well appeal to a much wider public. So Mrs. Cole serves up the details of background, of congresses and policies, appropriately seasoned with a portrait of one individual in the centre of each trend. The danger of this method is that the individual may loom larger than the movement, which in most cases made him at least as much as he made it, and there is no doubt that Mrs. Cole is most successful with the characters that are most markedly individualist in their characters, if not in their ideas. Cobbett and Blatchford, Lansbury and Wells "come alive" much more than Place or Applegarth or Henderson. But the others get their human details, too, discreetly and tolerantly where necessary, as with Mill's strange affair with Helen Taylor ("maximum uplift and separation," as the American advertisements say), or Wells's "not inconsiderable" emotional adventures. The whole gives a picture, that many would not otherwise get, of a movement that is not just a series of schools of thought followed by a series of organisations (as some continental movements are), but rather a long upsurge of emotions, sometimes guided by recognisable doctrines, sometimes held together by recognisable groupings, but always taking many different (and often conflicting) forms and many different (and often divergent) paths towards what at each given time were usually very modest goals.

It breaks down, unfortunately, through Mrs. Cole's own conscious and deliberate omissions. There is no picture of the women's movement, on which rests so much of Labour's strength today, though Anne Besant and Mary MacArthur would have provided appropriate pegs, besides being entitled to a place in their own right. A chapter on Ben Tillett or (better still) Will Thorne would both have brought in the New Unionism of the '80s and '90s, without which the Labour Party would almost certainly have never been born, and have shown how Marxism came into (and went out of) the story. A life of Hyndman would have completed this latter part, and I cannot for the life of me see why that need have "meant much repetition of detail," as Mrs. Cole claims.

Indeed, there are moments when this latter omission seems to have a much stranger reason, for Hyndman's life forms part of the one story that is missing altogether, the story of Socialism itself. Agreed that non-Socialists like Paine, and even anti-Socialists like Cobbett (or, for that matter, Bentham, whose conception of the positive function of law is surely vital) helped to build up the movement; agreed that pure doctrine played a lesser rôle here than anywhere else; but the fact remains that, without the Socialist idea, the Labour movement would never have been a movement at all, but only a complex of conflicting or unrelated trends. Mrs. Cole plays down the theoretical contributions even of Owen and Webb, and leaves out altogether vital figures like Bray, Gray and Thompson, of whom the two latter, at least, are worth a place as propagandists, apart altogether from their providing that essential bridge between utilitarianism and Socialism, which is missing in Mrs. Cole's book. Ludlow and his Christian friends, too, deserve more than the single line they get, if only because they did something to keep alive the Socialist idea at a time when the "New Model" Unionism was moving away from it.

This omission is a real defect. It means that Mrs. Cole maps all (or nearly all) the tributaries and yet leaves out the river, and the more one likes what she has done, the more one has to regret this. As it is, these essays will tell a great deal to the thousands who know too little of the movement's forebears, and they should certainly be translated: they would do a lot to explain to Continental Socialists the (to them) often hitherto inexplicable phenomenon of British Labour.

W. PICKLES

MRS. NORTON OF THE CROSSWAYS

Caroline Norton. By ALICE ACLAND. *Constable.* 16s.

Mrs. Norton—"O! What a handsome woman she is," writes Anne Thackeray in her journal. So she comes down to us in the stream of 19th century history; "dangerous, terrible, beautiful" she appears to Motley the historian; "noble and superb" to Fanny Kemble; "a beautiful slow sphinx" to Miss Thackeray. Her story—was there not some tragedy? a trial? a Cabinet secret betrayed? A reminder is welcome (Miss Jane Perkins's admirable biography being long out of print) for Mrs. Norton touches our interest at many points. There is, of course, the picturesque aspect: the link with her grandfather Sheridan (who declared that he would not care to meet the child in a dark wood); she has danced at Almack's; Tom Moore and Trelawny and the young Disraeli have been her friends and admirers; she has shown kindness to an "obscure" and "rustic" gentleman, Mr. Samuel Cunard, who hoped to interest the Government in a transatlantic mail scheme. She lives on until 1877. As poet, editor and writer of novels she earned enough to support her family. As political hostess her influence was considerable. But there is most cause to remember her share in changing the legal status of married women.

Caroline Sheridan was born in 1808. George Norton, brother to the childless Lord Grantley, met her when she was a schoolgirl of sixteen, fell passionately in love, and succeeded in marrying her three years later. As they soon discovered, they had not a point in common. She was a sociable and affectionate creature; he was morose, brutal, un-adult, and obsessed with money. All that was violent, spiteful and cunning in his rather slow nature seems to have been brought out by the marriage. Finally, after one of their quarrels, he removed the three children—the oldest was seven—and for six years she was kept from seeing them except under the most humiliating conditions. This was indeed the legal right of any husband.

During this period Norton brought an unsuccessful suit for divorce against Lord Melbourne. (Trelawny, Harrison Ainsworth and the Duke of Devonshire were among those considered and rejected.) Caroline's reputation naturally suffered. Ironically, she had come to know Melbourne through approaching him on her husband's behalf. Norton had always encouraged the friendship; moreover, he always kept the post that Melbourne had found for him, of magistrate in the Lambeth Police Courts.

Caroline's efforts—she was a vigorous writer of pamphlets—stirred a reluctant Parliament into passing the Custody of Infants Bill, a mild enough measure, yet the first of its kind. But her husband could still (and did) impound her jewels, clothes, the money left to her by her father, and even her contracts with her publishers. This position was slightly amended by another slow-moving Bill that she urged into its final passage in 1858. It was opposed, one notes, by all the Bishops and by Mr. Gladstone.

Of Mrs. Norton's writings, even the titles (except for *Juanita* and *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed*) are now forgotten. Yet she was throughout her life a successful author. She paid for her first confinement, and incidentally for a "pianola" pianoforte, with an early work, *The Sorrows of Rosalie.* Her poems, so romantic and pathetic, have a drawing-room air; Tom Moore is perhaps their literary ancestor, though Hartley Coleridge did call her, rather ambiguously, "the Byron of Modern Poetesses." We can see why her novels were enjoyed in her time, reflecting as they do her own experiences and her social world. Her sound understanding of people shows too in her letters, as for instance, where she gives advice to Mary Shelley on obtaining a pension for old Mrs. Godwin. She has observed, she says, that people will resist claims but like to grant favours.

> If one asks at all, one should rather think of the person written to than one's own feelings. He (Lord Melbourne) is an indolent man—talk of her age and infirmities; a patron of all genius—talk of your father's and your own; a prudent man—speak of the likelihood of the pension being a short grant . . .; lastly, he is a good man—take it all as a personal favour.

Her novels reveal also what Miss Acland shrewdly calls "her imaginative love of unworldliness." Unworldly she was not, yet there is no doubt that she appeared to be far more wicked than she was. Unconventional, overpoweringly feminine, incapable of being inconspicuous—such a nature invites calumny. It is typical that a witness in the Melbourne case represented her as "painting her face and sinning" at a time when she was actually lying ill from a difficult childbirth. Yet, as we read the deplorable story, it does seem at the real villain of the piece was the Law. ithout its monstrous partiality the odious orton might have been a negative, almost iable figure. And his wife? We may or may t *like* the dark-eyed splendid Juno, but we e on her side. That is the posthumous right all who have suffered injustice.

Miss Acland's book may be found disappointg in that it adds little that is fresh in fact or terpretation to Mrs. Norton's biography. he chief additions are two: an account of rs. Norton's friendship with Sidney Herbert, d of the use made of her story in George eredith's *Diana of the Crossways*. Miss Acland an honest and careful writer, but she does not ing the spark of life to her subject. Fortunately, rs. Norton's story can survive a stilted telling. might be presented with most justness and vidness, it seems to me, in a collection made om the many letters and documents, her own d others, that are still in existence.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE CRITIC

ve Poems 1470-1870. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Critics at present are uncertain how they should iticise. For example, how much should they ix, or adulterate, "literary criticism" with the history of literature," or the other way round? hould they be psycho-analysts? Should they m to evaluate and elucidate only those partilar writings by which they are themselves possed and which they believe are relevant and owerful? Should they use literature only to easure and to light up different ways of feelg and thinking at different times? Arnold iticised Milton and Wordsworth because they ere Milton and Wordsworth. He criticised oetry because of poetry; because we have to rn to it, he thought, "to interpret life to us, console us, to sustain us."

Dr. Tillyard is not, in his "elementary essay n the background of English literature," possed by any of the five poems—Henryson's Testament of Cresseid," Sir John Davies's "Orestra," Dryden's "Ode to Anne Killigrew," oleridge's "Ancient Mariner," or Swinburne's Hertha"—which he copes with. It is more or ss chance that the five poems were these five; even that they were poems. No, he had an ea for a book—"to present some of the connts of histories of literature in an abbreviated rm through particular examples."

So (a) "I have spent a good deal of thought in choosing my examples."

(b) "I preferred poems to prose works as being more concentrated."

Very well. Forget life now—forget the life or the inner conduct of the reader, forget here is or is not God's plenty, or man's, and get busy with the "climate of opinion and belief" in five different centuries and in the poems of five different poets, chosen for illustrative convenience. And what is made? Criticism? Certainly not; but the revelation, supposing we can bear with Dr. Tillyard's smooth, yet horrible, style of a great many facts of interest, which may prevent us from believing the author of each poem stupid in this way or that because in his age he could not think as we do in our age. If all the planets combined to punish Cresseid, it was terrifying to a reader in the fifteenth century, to whom astrology was science and not superstition. In Dryden's "Ode" stars, like angels, have become ornaments. In Davies's "Orchestra," old and new worlds are coupled and various idealisms, including the idealised adulation of the Queen, exist along with a "hard sense of life," in a way explicable and reasonable when the facts are appreciated. The "Ancient Mariner" is affected, e.g., by pantheism, antiquarianism, superstition, the religious problem of the individual man, and the new "psychological trend of thought"; "Hertha" by the "extreme pantheism," the "arrogant humanism," the barbarism, the new concern with man in the mass, and so on, of the eighteen-seventies, out of which emerge Houston Stewart Chamberlain and Hitler. Everything from Henryson's stable order to Swinburne's moving disorder. Excellent—the footnote dignified into the book; but not being criticism, it should not pass as criticism. If Dr. Tillyard thus subtracted the temporal, or thus explained it, it is on the hard residue of each poem that criticism would now begin, criticism as an art of fine and lively values, which in itself must be finely and viably written and which in one page must not add "in actual fact" to "sequence of events," "mediaeval setting," "exacting standards," "besetting vice," "turn of events," "tells his tale," "speak at some length," "surprising degree," and "holds our attention."

It does not matter so much, though, how horribly and dry-rottenly Dr. Tillyard writes merely in the collection and exposition of facts. He is wrong occasionally, as in suggesting that Fuseli, in his strength and wildness of imagination, was "typical of the Romantic movement": or that a bold, violent, sharp-lined drawing of Fuseli's, drawn perhaps twenty years before in spite of the Zurich catalogue, is a parallel to Coleridge's feeling in the "Ancient Mariner." But Dr. Tillyard's style does not cause one to doubt the facts as it would cause one to doubt points of evaluation (and does, where he makes them).

All indeed is well, if we recognise that *Five Poems* is a piece of our modern scholiasm, artless, entertaining, and natural to a time in which one may take a degree in English literature, and then become a "specialist" so as to enable others to take the same degree. All is well if we do not think that such writers of the magnified footnote are at all related to the great critics, and if we realise that, while they may increase our knowledge, such writings have nothing at all in them to refine our living. All is well if we rinse the mind afterwards with a tablespoonful of Johnson, or Coleridge, or Matthew Arnold, or with a letter or two by G. M. Hopkins.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

FIDDLING LAWYERS

Howe and Hummel. Their True and Scandalous History. By RICHARD H. ROVERE. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s*. 6d.

None of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "maxims for revolutionists" strike quite so happy a note as Jack Cade's inauguration speech, immortal in the literature of good hating: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." One of the greatest jurists alive to-day has provoked angry shouts of "fiddling lawyer" in the House of Commons merely by giving chapter and verse for an unpopular Cabinet decision. Fiddling, no doubt, is a subjective epithet, applying only to the other side in a legal controversy: the same verbal felicity employed on our own side is condoned—nay, applauded—as astuteness, learning, and wisdom. But on the whole, lawyers are firmly placed in the popular demonology as fiddlers.

Even more firmly, the Americans classify theirs as shysters. It sounds worse, I think; and since the story of the Howe and Hummel Law Offices, 89, Centre Street, New York City (the name over their premises was forty feet long and lit up at night) is clearly to be accepted as true, it ought to sound worse. We've never had anyone like William F. Howe and Abraham Hummel. Even in the worst days of the Newgate Assizes this country never produced such poisonous villainy as Mr. Rovere portrays in this blistering biography.

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METHUEN

"Every police court," records Mr. Rovere, "had a cop or a clerk or someone who was being paid to recommend Howe and Hummel to everyone who was pulled in." They often represented both sides in a civil suit. They caused Lincoln to suspend Habeas Corpus during the civil war by their skill in using it (on faked evidence) to get reluctant conscripts released from the army. They endowed many of their most useful witnesses for life, and were themselves endowed by every safecracker, forger, arsonist, confidence man, bucket-shop proprietor, panel-thief, and brothel-keeper whose business was worth having in New York from 1860 to 1910. Blackmail, subornation of perjury, the corruption of public officials, and the fabrication of evidence were "part of each day's routine in the musty and disordered offices at 89, Centre." They could smell a breach of promise or seduction case miles or months away, and "when they found a rift in the lute, they widened the rift and collected the loot." They were disbarred, and bought their way in again. In 1888 Howe produced a state of terror in the city by discovering a technical flaw in the capital punishment change-over from hanging to electrocution, and by nearly getting all murderers released from their condemned cells (the higher courts intervened just in time). A little later, Hummel emptied the prison on "the island" by finding an error in the procedure by which 240 criminals had been committed there—and the firm collected a fee from each of them.

One "technicality" can be selected as typical. The sentence for any *attempt* to commit a crime was, by American law, half the maximum prescribed for the full offence. Arson carried a life sentence (which, in America, really does mean life). Howe tricked the District Attorney and the Court into accepting a professional fire-raiser's plea of "guilty" to the attempt only—and then told the judge that there was no way of determining half a life. "Scripture tells us," he said, "that we know not the day nor the hour of our departure. Can this court sentence the prisoner to half of his natural life? Will it, then, sentence him to half a minute or to half the days of Methuselah?" The prisoner was discharged.

The story of their successes, based on "anything from crocodile tears to judge-fixing," is told with the high-tension gusto of the *New Yorker*—in which some of it has appeared before; and those whom it does not convulse with glee will find it sickening. Glee was not, for example, my main reaction. The stories recall too painfully the earnest mutton-headedness of quasi-legalistic American jurists that made possible the Sacco-Vanzetti case and some of the agonizing, cat-and-mouse trials and retrials of Negro homicides.

The book is fascinating, cynical, terse, and pungent. But it does one awful, unbelievable thing. It convicts Americans, *vis-à-vis* their lawyers, of an impenetrable, pathetic, monumental simplicity.

C. H. ROLPH

WHERE DELOS ROSE

The King of Asine. By GEORGE SEFERIS. Translated by Bernard Spencer, Nanos Valaoritis, and Lawrence Durrell. *John Lehmann. 7s. 6d.*

Modern Greek literature has been almost unknown in this country since the days of Canning. The classically educated have generally shunned it, first on the ground that they could not read it, and secondly as being beneath their notice. The war uprooted the first prejudice for a number of Englishmen temporarily exiled in the Near East. It is now evident that Greece, of all European countries, perhaps the most bitterly divided within herself, is to-day, paradoxically enough, producing poetry of outstanding quality. What accounts for this, in view of the ceaseless afflictions of the body politic in that country for the last ten years, and in view of the fact that the profession of letters is further than ever from providing a living wage in Greece to-day?

The soil for this harvest has been the extraordinary endurance of the language, and the passionate interest shown during and since the War of Independence in its development. Throughout Greece's history under foreign rule, it has been the language which has proved to be the real national ark of the covenant. Where else would governments have fallen on the issue of the translation of the Bible into demotic? The seeds of the present achievement were sown by the apparently outrageous belief of Solomos a century ago, that the future of Greek poetry lay not in the lifeless Attic, jealously preserved by the academicians, but in the language of the people, the ballads and folksongs. This view finally prevailed. But the problem confronting Greek poets has been that the popular tongue was quite inadequate to clothe profound thoughts and general ideas, so that a new poetic diction had to be created. Consequently to this day Greek writers display in their handling of words an excitement, a delight in eccentricity and pugnac which reminds us of the growth of our o language in the Elizabethan age.

In a country so strongly nationalist the poet often regarded as a hieratic figure, the sage a prophet of the race (modern Ireland suggests parallel). This role has been filled in Greece b Solomos and Palamas, and to-day by Sikeliano Seferis is a poet too detached to assume the bardic robes. Born in Smyrna, he is of th Hellenistic world, as well as of the mainlan He observes the landscape and its traditio always with the eyes of a returning exile. H poetry possesses a reflective character and constant element of irony which is rare among h contemporaries. The weakness of the "bardic school—natural enough in so young a literature is a note of rhetoric and bombast, and a tenden to inflate the language.

Seferis, like the Alexandrian poet Kavafi has restored a much needed element of under statement to modern Greek. Kavafis identifie himself so completely with the ancient worl that he presents it simple and whole in hi poetry. Seferis is a more cryptic writer. Hi vision of the past is always fragmentary, ha seen and half remembered. Its appeal to th modern reader is more natural, since it calls u the past by means of symbols arising out of ou own subconscious associations. The presen volume is selected from Seferis' mature poetr and consists entirely of free verse. In this he ha developed an extremely compact and precise for of expression. It is this precision in the handlin of words which most suggests the influence o Eliot, whom Seferis has translated into Greek.

The English versions are both accurate an sensitive, though they do not always rende Seferis' ironic note. They are most successfu in the poems which directly evoke the myths o tragedy, for example in the Agamemnon-associa tions of "Remember the Baths by Which yo were Slain":

> I woke with this marble head in my hands
> Which tires my elbows and I do not know whe
>   to put it;
> It was falling into the dream as I was rising fro
>   the dream
> Thus our lives joined and it will be hard for the
>   to disentangle.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> My hands vanish and come back to me
> Mutilated.

The great themes of Greek legend have bee badly overworked in this country and in Franc in recent years. Seferis offers no *réchauffé*

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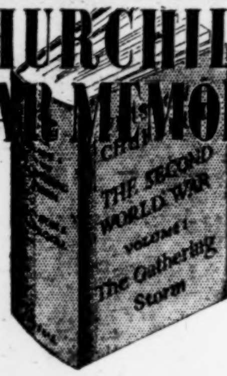

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JOHN LEHMANN

le mythological symbols. It is the spiritual sis of Europe to-day which concerns him ost deeply. It is always the contemporary edicament which he illuminates when drawing on the past. The lands and traditions of Greece e potentially, for the English reader, among e richest of poetic territories, but they have en rendered sterile to some extent by the rank owths of academic knowledge and theory. feris' verse gives us the excitement of watching ese territories explored by a fresh and living etic sensibility, and presented as an ever- anging reality. This present collection is cellently introduced by Mr. Rex Warner.

IAN SCOTT-KILVERT

NEW NOVELS

e Land Within. IGNACE LEGRAND. *Phoenix House.* 10s. 6d.

e Song of the Flea. BY GERALD KERSH. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

e Steeper Cliff. BY DAVID DAVIDSON. *Cresset Press.* 10s. 6d.

termath. BY HANS HABE. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

e Bennett Place. By MICHAEL DE CAPITE. *Falcon Press.* 8s. 6d.

Poverty is a theme the novel cannot healthily ore for long; it preoccupies the human spirit er all quite as considerably as do lust or litical ideologies. Yet how rarely can a novelist ite competently of it? Balzac? Yes. Homeri- lly so. The importance of money, the horror of absence, clinks and drags through his every er page. Dostoevsky, Gissing, Forster, aham Greene? Yes, all of them in varying shy grees. For it is, when all's said, a profoundly barrassing subject. Lawrence tried to brazen out in some of his begging letters. But even re one smelt the underlying unease.

The first two novels on this list essay poverty their theme; both writers are practised hands, t the result in neither case is quite successful. nace Legrand is a French novelist whom, I'm raid, I grew up to respect, without ever reading. ot even Miss Storm Jameson's recommenda- ns in her introduction to this translation of the rk which made Legrand relatively famous a arter of a century ago can persuade me that I ve been infinitely remiss. *The Land Within* is ncerned with the plight of a young doctor in e early 'twenties, forced to choose between the eck of his professional career and marriage with heiress who is not to his taste. To this design with which surely Hollywood has played in its day—Monsieur Legrand has constructed an ingenious machine, stiff and protesting as a Chinese waterwheel. This stiffness derives perhaps in part from a somewhat infelicitous translation. Surely for instance, on page 25, the phrase "dear aunt, who, *in parenthesis,* is not at all well . . ." should read "dear aunt who *by the by* is not at all well . . ."?

Very different is Mr. Kersh's new novel, *The Song of the Flea.* Although written only last year, its cut seems antique beside Monsieur Legrand's novel of the Twenties. A critic, I notice from the wrapper, has called Mr. Kersh "the real successor of Kipling." His vigorous talents might certainly have fitted snugly into the Kipling era. For here are no inner doubts or loathings, no tight machine of introspection. The hero, Pym, is a starving writer, yes, but he's got it all there, Mr. Kersh assures us, tapping his forehead; and one day Pym will go places, will sit among the mighty ones in the Savoy or Claridges. Pym will never turn on his creator and pretend success isn't all it's cracked up to be. Nevertheless, let us give Mr. Kersh credit for his terrifying familiarity with those details of poverty which make this country, after America perhaps, the worst country in the world to be poor in. The smelly bedclothes in the lodgings, the stuffy eating-house where you go when you're lucky, the all-pervading stink of cabbage and rain . . . it is all there.

Early in the war I was exhilarated by Herr Hans Habe's *A Thousand Must Fall,* which recounted the experiences of a Central European expatriate during the defeat of France. Herr Habe, it seemed, had not merely been an expatriate caught by the collapse in the midst of his civilian pleasures; he had actually enlisted; he had seen the disintegration of the French army at first hand; he had escaped from a P.O.W. camp and swum a river to the comparative safety of the Vichy zone.

Herr Habe told his story with rare vigour, and a nice command of suspense. I cannot say that either of these virtues are very visible in his new novel *Aftermath.* Perhaps residence in America and service with the U.S. forces in Europe have not suited his native talents. At all events, *Aftermath* does not come off, in my estimation at least, though it has many qualities to make for success. The theme is fascinating—a German-American who has recently acquired U.S. citizenship returns with the American forces to Occupied Germany; he immediately finds himself torn between the charms of his battered old country and his bright new one—symbolised by his faded but still passionate German mistress, and his exquisite, frigid American wife. Encounters with snipers during the liberation of Paris, Nazi conspiracies in P.O.W. camps, two parallel love stories, murders, shooting matches with the man who last saw Hitler alive. Some of these episodes are excellently done. But unfortunately Herr Habe's characters are hardly distinguishable from the lay figures of an adventure serial. One cares not one jot whether Peter abandons his American Emily for his German Maria, or whether his sententious friend Stroud leaves his Polish love to return to the American Way of Life.

The Steeper Cliff deals also with the dilemmas of Americans in their occupied zone. Andrew Cooper serves at H.Q. in Munich. Like Herr Habe's hero, Cooper has a comic G.I. jeep-driver (something between Cagney and William Bendix) and a German love; he, too, has no wish to go back to the States. But here all likeness between the two books finishes. *The Steeper Cliff,* in a manner remarkable for a first novel, does succeed in creating characters that are credible, and whose problems touch you. Cooper is deputed to find politically pure German journalists for the newspapers that are to be revived under American authority. He interrogates, loses heart, finds fresh hope, falls out with his brutal superior, again finds that some sea-green incorruptible has not been telling the whole truth. And gradually, as the narrative unfolds, amid the smoked and tattered ruins of once charming Bavarian towns, you get an extraordinary sense of the degree to which a dozen years of Hitler's rule corrupted the German spirit. Without questioning the need for "denazification," Mr. Davidson sets you wondering how immaculate you would have remained under the beatings, the need to feed your family, the fear that the régime you detested bid fair to conquer the world?

The third American work here—*The Bennett Place*—would seem to belong, from internal evidence, to that intense sly new school of Southern writing, which Miss Welty perhaps best exemplifies. Everything is seen as it were through a prism, flights of "literary" prose alternate with the cries of a football crowd, and always there is a bass accompaniment of dark sexual discontent. Nevertheless I shall look forward to Mr. Michael de Capite's next book. Despite irritating tricks and clichés of style—surely one can no longer talk of something being "etched" against the sky?—he certainly can write.

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Incidentally, these three American books have one fascinating quality in common—American sex-hostility. The women in *The Bennett Place* —or at least the most articulate of them—despise their husbands as lovers, dream nostalgically of European pecadilloes. The men in the other two dread returning to the exacting coldness of the American women. It is a sentiment I have often heard echoed by American troops during the war.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Kent. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Robert Hale.* 15*s.*

Canterbury, Knole, Ightham, Hever, Penshurst and the other stately buildings which Mr. Church describes with fond discernment could as well be in another county, but Kent alone, with hops to dry, has the homely elegance of tapering redbrick towers on wooded slopes above the orchards and the gardens.

Few English counties have a history to match with that of Kent; few (though nine are larger) give the same illusion of expanse: from Romney marshes the Sevenoaks heights seem impossibly remote, and no one in Edenbridge can feel a link with Margate. Rich in every sort of country scenery, Kent is, however, scarred by ugly towns like Maidstone and Gravesend. And still, despite the Silkin legislation, the hideous advertising hoardings stretch for miles along the Wrotham road from Sidcup to the Weald. Mr. Church's book is more concerned with beauties than with perils. It is ill-arranged and casual and full of little errors, but enriched with a personal charm; civilised, opinionated, vigorous. Mr. Church has an eye for little known delights—Glassenbury, for example, and the Peacock Inn at Goudhurst, but he is curiously blind to follies like Hadlow "Castle" and the freaks that abound in Tunbridge Wells. Within twenty miles of Tunbridge Wells is the best part of Kent, and Mr. Church, who lives in that corner of the county, gives it the particular attention it deserves.

Asian Horizon. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The second number of this lively quarterly maintains the quality of the first. Miss Woodman, the editor, writes vividly on Pibul and Pridi; J. S. Furnivall deals with Nationalisation in Burma; and John Paton with Japan. There are poems, a story by Mulk Raj Anand in his reminiscent—and most satisfactory—manner; and among other things a charming article on that most unlikely subject, the heroine in Urdu fiction, is a find. These items and the very beautiful photographs give variety and even gaiety to an enterprise that might otherwise have stuck in a sociological groove.

Week-end Competitions

No. 966

Set by Denis O'Neill

"With each new Governmental crisis the *peau de chagrin* of Parliament prestige shrinks further" (*Times*, July 23, 1948, on France). The practice of literary allusion in leading articles has declined, is declining, and ought to be encouraged, and the usual prizes are offered for an extract not exceeding 200 words from an imaginary article in one of the national newspapers in which not less than six such allusions are appropriately inserted. Entries by August 31.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 963

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram in the Greek manner (of not more than eight lines) on the opening of the Olympic Games in London, 1948.

Report by Richard Lister

What I intended by "in the Greek manner" was to warn competitors off the kind of witty epigram with a point hammered home by the rhyme and to guide towards the hortatory or the dedicatory. Most competitors seemed to appreciate this, so, regretfully in several cases, I barred such ironies as this of Stephen Toulmin's, which appeared in several variations:

> Westward a thousand athletes bore
>   The torch of peace:
> In gratitude the world returns
>   Armed men to Greece.

Equally outside the terms in my judgment was another approach typified by H. A. C. Evans:

> In Elis, proven Hellenes vied in peace,
> Beneath a truce throughout the land of Greece;

> To-day while Greek slays Greek, a World
>   Assembly
> Renews the pattern of the Games at Wembley.

The gracefully tuned dedication was much hard to bring off. Some fifteen competitors sent in Gr versions. Oh that my own Greek were less rusty And may I not have overlooked obvious "howlers in the one I selected for a prize! Runners-up w Lakon, B. J. H., Marion B. Alford, E. E. T. Hayw in the English, and among the Grecians Guy Kend E. M. Silvanus, Callimonides, Phlattothrat, C. Distrecht. I recommend one guinea for each of entries printed below.

> Now Aries condescends a breathing space,
> The city which his ruins still deface
> A bloodless strife, for which in wiser Greece
> War itself halted, dedicates to peace.
> O may your well-fought contests, athletes, be
> The fiercest battle you or we shall see;
> And may our peace and yours as long outlast
> Your fame as that your garlands fading fast.

R. J. P. HEWISON

> Greece kindled first, then handed on, the flame
>   Now glowing in this northern air to rouse
> Young armies who will wear, in friendship's name
>   The olive branch upon their shining brows.
>
> Who, peacefully at war, amid the din
>   Of cheering crowds, will meet in brotherhood
> And leap the barriers of race to win
>   A common victory, unstained by blood.

G. J. BLUNDELL

> Jove did not wince but wink that row
>   On row of runners muscle-proud
> Should plan a cosmic overthrow
>   Of Time and all his edicts loud,
> When from a Grandstand in the sky
> He watched the white wings flutter by.

J. R. TIL

> Britain took up the Torch that Greece let fall
>   And long in her strong hands it bravely sho
> Now in her ears sounds Time's relentless call
>   And Britain in her turn must pass it on.

WILLIAM BLI

> *Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὅς ποτ' ἔχαιρες Ὀλύμπι Ὀλυμπιονίκ*
>   *ἄνδρασιν, ἀμφιπλεκεῖ δ' ἐστεφάνοις κοτίνῳ*
> *τῆς ἀρετῆς ἐπιθεὶς γέρας ἄφθιτον, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμῶν*
>   *κλῦθι, νεαῖς τελεταῖς οἱ χάριν εὐχόμεθα*
> *σήμερον εἰ δοίης τοῖς μὲν νικῶσιν ἔπαινον,*
>   *τοῖς δ'—ἀλλ' ὦ πᾶσιν νεῦσον ἐλευθερίαν.*

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns re- s to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or oman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless or she is excepted from the provision of the ntrol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ncy is for employment excepted from the vision of that Order.

ICE-Chancellor. The University of New Zealand is a federal University consisting six Colleges. In view of the policy of de- ing further responsibility on the constituent leges and consequent reorganisation of the eral University, the Senate has decided to oint a full-time Vice-Chancellor. Applics., ing September 30, 1948, are invited for the ition at salary of £(N.Z.)2,000 p.a. Forms applic. and conditions of appointment may obtained from Secy., Universities Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1.

NIVERSITY of Melbourne. Applics. invited for position of Senior Lecturer in ctrical Engineering. Sal. £650-£850 (Aus- lian) p.a., plus £78 p.a. cost of living allow- e, subject to superann. contributions. rther partics. and information as to method application may be obtained from Secy., iversities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 k St. London, W.1. Closing date for re- pt of applics. is Sept. 15, 1948.

IVIL Service Commissioners invite applics. for permanent post of Librarian in the nistry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Incl. ndon salary scale is £700-£25-£800 (men). tes for women are somewhat lower. Candi- tes must have been born on/before August 1, 7, and must be Fellows or Associates of the rary Assocn. or possess a Univ. Diploma Librarianship and have practical exp. The arian is reqd. to organise and run a central hnical library with dependent branches and p. of such work will be an advantage. Full tics. and applic. forms from Sec., Civil Ser- e Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, W.1, ting No. 2250, to whom completed applic. ms should be returned by Sept. 20.

NIV. College, Leicester. Applics. invited for a Lectureship in Classics. Initial salary ording to qualifics. and exp., within scale o-£750 p.a., with membership of F.S.S.U. Family Allowances Scheme. Further par- s. from Registrar, to whom applics. should forwarded by August 31.

AST Sussex Educ. Cttee. invite applics. from suitably qualified men and women appointment of District Youth Organiser the Lewes and Uckfield area. Applicants uld be able to drive a car and, if possible, provide one. Travelling allowance will be d on County Scale. Applicants should be duates of a British Univ., or hold a Social ence Diploma or other suitable qualifics., d should have had exp. of social work with ng people. Present salary scale is £400× 6—£520 p.a. Scope of the work and salary le will be reviewed shortly. Appointment, ich is superannuable, will be subject to h conditions of service as may from time time be approved by the County Council. ccessful candidate will be reqd. to pass a dical exam. to satisfaction of County Medi- Officer of Health. Candidates must state ether they are related to any member or nior Officer of the Council. Canvassing ectly/indirectly will disqualify. Further par- s. and forms of applic. may be obtained m J. H. Baines, Chief Education Officer, unty Hall, Lewes, on receipt of s.a.e. Ap- cs., accompanied by copies of 3 recent testi- nials, should be submitted by Sept. 4.

AMBRIDGESHIRE Educ. Cttee. Cam- bridgeshire Technical College and School Art. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in mmerce and Industrial Administration reqd. January, 1949. Candidates should possess a ree in Commerce or Economics or hold an uivalent professional qualific. Business exp. uld be a recommendation and teaching exp. desirable but not essential. Post involves and evening work, mainly of a senior char- er. Sal. will be in accordance with Burn- n Scale for Assistants in Establishments for rther Education, 1948. Allowance will be de for professional or industrial exp. where plicable. Further partics. and applic. forms l be forwarded on receipt of a s.a. foolscap v. by Chief Education Officer (T), Shire ll, Cambridge. First enquiry should be en- sed "Commerce."

LOUCESTER C.C. Assistant Archivist. Applics. invited for post of Assistant (male female) to the County Records Officer, on staff of the Clerk of the Peace and of unty Council. Applicants should have a versity hons. degree or equivalent quali- ., with knowl. of history, palaeography, d mediæval Latin, and be prepared to take interest in educational use of records, as ll as the general duties of an archivist. ., according to exp., within A.P.T. Grade (£420-£465), or III (£450-£495). The post superannuable, subject to 3 mths.' notice either side, and to National Conditions of vice for Local Authorities' Staff. The suc- sful candidate will be reqd. to pass a dical exam. Applics., stating age, educa- , qualifics., and exp., with the names of efs., to reach Guy H. Davis, Clerk of the unty Council, Shire Hall, Gloucester, by t. 4, endorsed "Records."

ONDON School of Econs. & Political Sci- ence (Univ. of London). Applics. invited an Assistant Lectureship in German. Salary le £400 p.a. rising to £500. Pref. will be en to candidates with degrees of British iversities. Appointment will date from the Oct., 1948. Applics., which should be mpanied by names of three refs. should be warded by 1st Sept. to Secretary, London ool of Econs., Houghton St., W.C.2, from om further partics. may be obtained.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ROYAL Navy Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applics. invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 yrs. of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 yrs. in Education Service, Royal Navy. Requirements are for Officers with qualifics. in Maths., Science, Engineering, or in Geography with Maths. up to Intermediate degree standard. Opportunities will be afforded for officers, after 2 yrs.' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. Entry will be in 2 grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Hons. Degrees receive approx. £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £310 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Married officers receive Marriage Allowance of £228 p.a. if aged 25 or over, £117 p.a. if under 25. Accom. and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. An Outfit Allowance is paid. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. Teachers who enter from contributory service under Teachers (Superann.) Acts will continue in contributory service, Superann. contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education; officers with suitable qualifics. may also be appointed for general meteorological and weather forecasting duties. Apply: Director (P), Educ. Dept., Admiralty, S.W.1, for fuller details and applic. forms.

WORKERS' Educational Assoc., East Midland District. Applics. invited for post of Organising Tutor in Leicestershire and Rutland. Candidates should be graduates. Exp. in adult education an advantage. Salary £450× £25—£600. Appointment will be made as soon as possible. Forms of applic. from J. T. Rhodes, District Sec., W.E.A., 16 Shakespeare St. Nottingham.

DEVON C.C. Care of Children Cttee. Pinhoe Remand Home for Girls on the Outskirts of Exeter. Applics. invited for undermentioned posts at this Remand Home:—Deputy Superintendent: Sal. £270 p.a., rising annually by increments of £12 to £420 p.a. plus a special responsibility allowance of £40 p.a. less emoluments estimated at £78 p.a. The Committee hope to secure the services of a qualified teacher or a person with equivalent qualifics. with an interest in work with difficult delinquent girls. Kitchen Matron: Sal. £200 p.a., rising by annual increments of £10 to £250 p.a., less emoluments estimated at £78 p.a. Person appointed to this post will be responsible for cooking and catering and certain supervision duties under direction of the Superintendent. Form of application with fuller partics. of these posts obtainable from Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle St., Exeter, on receipt of a s.a. foolscap env. and should be posted by Aug. 31st.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Appointment of Area Children's Visitors. Applics. invited for four further appointments of Area Children's Visitors. Persons appointed will be reqd. to act under the direction of the Children's Officer and will be responsible for investigating applics. on behalf of children who may require care, for boarding-out and supervising children in Foster-homes, and supervision of children who are in any way the responsibility of the County Council under the Children Act, 1948, other than those in the County Council's Homes and Nurseries. Applicants should have had training and/or exp. in the boarding-out of children and good knowledge of children's needs and of their care, and should hold Social Science or recog. Child Care qualifics. Appointments will be in Grade II of A.P.T. Division of the N.J.C. Scale, £420 by increments of £15 to £465, and are superannuable. Persons appointed will be reqd. to keep a car for which travelling allowances will be paid. Further partics., and applic. forms which must be returned by Sept. 15, can be obtained from Children's Officer, 2, Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

VACANCY for Area Organiser. Applics. are invited for post of Organiser to the N. Eastern Area Council of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union. Commencing sal. £6 10s. p.w. plus £1 10s. p.w. cost-of-living bonus. The basic sal. advances by two annual increments of 10s. to £7 10s. p.w. Person appointed will be stationed in Leeds. Candidates must have been members of a trade union for at least 3 years immediately preceding date of applic. Applics. to be addressed to The Chairman, Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union, N. Eastern Area Council, 6 Upper Fountaine St. Leeds, 2, endorsed "Organiser's Vacancy." Closing date Sept. 25.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of non-resident Assistant Mistress (nursery school trained) at Banstead Residential Nursery School, Banstead, Surrey, to teach children aged 3 to 5 years. Salary, Burnham Scale. Forms from Education Officer, T.S.5, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, s.a. env. necessary, returnable by Sept. 4. Canvassing disqualifies. (1809.)

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Appointments Vacant—continued

APPLICS. for training for employment as probation officers can be considered from men and women between 21 and 38 years of age, who have a Univ. Certificate in Social Science or equivalent qualifics. Candidates without such a qualific. can be considered if they have had a sound education and some practical exp. in the field of social service. Special arrangements are made for university students who are accepted for training following graduation. Applics. can also be considered from persons over the age of 40 who are exceptionally well qualified by exp. for the work of a probation officer. Partics. of allowances payable during training and forms of applic. can be obtained from Secy., Probation Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

L.C.C. Resident Assistant Matron reqd. at Shirley Residential School, Wickham Road, Croydon, Surrey. Duties include assistance to the Matron in supervision and guidance of staff caring for the children; domestic admin. of school incl. meals and stocktaking of linen and clothing, in the children's cottages; and special interest in senior girls. The school, which is in charge of a Headmaster-Superintendent, has accom. for approx. 370 children of all ages. There are some 54 resident staff concerned with care of the children and 37 male and female domestic staff. Annual sal. £240, rising by annual increments of £10 to £260 with tax-free emoluments of board, lodging, laundry and uniform. 4 weeks' annual leave plus the six public holidays or days in lieu. Appointment is a perm. one and the successful candidate will be admitted to Council's Superann. Fund subject to satisfactory service and medical exam. Applic. forms and further details from Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/95), County Hall, S.E.1. Please enclose s.a. env. for reply. (1807.)

L.C.C. Resident Assistant Domestic Bursar (female) reqd. at Wandsworth Emergency Training College for Teachers, Trinity Rd. S.W.18. Position is exempt from the Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Training and exp. in institutional management essential. Annual salary £225 plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Apply in writing to Principal at the College, stating age, qualifics., and exp., and enclosing copies of recent testimonials. (1761.)

L.C.C. Resident Assistant Matron reqd. at Stamford House Remand Home, 206A, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Duties include assistance to the Matron on domestic administration, including catering. Salary will be reviewed in the near future, and is at present £131 10s.-£151 10s. a year plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. 5 weeks' annual leave inclusive of public holidays. Appointment is a permanent one and successful candidate will be admitted to Council's Superann. Fund subject to satisfactory service and medical exam. Send s.a. env. for applic. forms and further partics. to Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/96), County Hall, S.E.1.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of non-resident Asst. Mistress (nursery school trained) at Lamorbey Residential Nursery School, Sidcup, Kent, to teach children aged 3 to 5 years. Sal., Burnham Scale. Form from Educ. Officer, T.S.5, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a. env. necessary), returnable by Sept. 4. Canvassing disqualifies. (1808.)

THE Mullard Radio Valve Company require graduates in Physics or Electrical Engineering as Senior Assistants in their Cathode Ray Tube Development Department. Must have had exp. in design of cathode ray tubes or similar articles, should have a knowledge of electron optics and tube structures, and be capable of originating and supervising development work. A salary commensurate with responsibility of the work and with age, exp. and qualifics. of the applicant will be paid. Write in first inst. for form of applic. to Works Personnel Officer, Mullard Radio Valve Co., Ltd., New Road, Mitcham Junction, Surrey, quoting ref. "W.4."

PHILIPS' Laboratories at Mitcham, Surrey, require first-class female Secretary to arrange and minute technical meetings. Age between 20 and 30, with General B.Sc. preferred. Shorthand and typing would be an asset. Must be prepared to travel abroad. Applics., which must be in writing in first inst., should be addressed to Miss M. B. Little, Women's Personnel Officer, Mitcham Works, Ltd., New Road, Mitcham Junction, Surrey, and reference "M.I." quoted.

UNIV. of Birmingham and Fircroft College Trust. Primrose Hill, Birmingham. Centre for Continuation Studies. Applics. for position of Warden are invited from men, pref. graduates of a British Univ., who have good administrative ability and are keenly interested in adult education. This is a new venture in which the University of Birmingham and the Fircroft College Trust are associated. Full partics. on applic.: Secy., Fircroft College Trust, Avoncroft College, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

CLUB Leader required for Autumn. Fully qualified to take Youth Club and supervise other Clubs. Also Junior Club Leader for ages 5-14. Sals. according to exp. Full board and residence. Apply, stating religious denomination and enclosing copies of testimonials, to The Warden, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire Street, Peckham, S.E.15.

WANTED: Science Master for small public school. Gd. permanent post. Box 5012.

PRESS Department of Jewish Organisation requires well-educated shorthand-typist with secretarial exp.; good working hours and prospects. Box 4956.

CLASSICS Tutor (woman) graduate, 20 hrs. p.w. approx., required end Sept., W.1. Write Box 5086.

Appointments Vacant—continued

STUDENT (girl, 16-18) offered Nursery Sch. exp. at King Alfred School, North End Rd. N.W.11, combined with afternoon crafts, games, art, etc., in Upper School.

SECRETARY'S Assistant (woman about 45) reqd. Shorthand-typing, knowledge of office routine, pref. exp. in children's welfare work. Hrs. 10-6, alternate Sats. 12.30. Salary £5 p.w. or acc. to quals. Apply Organising Secy., Coram's Fields and Harmsworth Memorial Playground, 93 Guilford St. W.C.1.

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Appointments Wanted

YOUNG woman, exp. editorial work, research, film journalism, publicity; gd. organiser; languages; seeks post with gd. opportunities for exercising intelligence and initiative. Films, publishing, children's books, advertising. Wide gen. interests. Box 4647.

GENTLEWOMAN fully experienced in housekeeping, Reception and Secretarial work, desires post where schoolboy age 10 years welcome. Excellent references. Box 4720.

CERTIF. Teacher (22, fem.), two-yr. course Univ.; knowledge typing; seeks journalistic post, position with family, or other interesting work. Box 4694.

Schools

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, nr. Hawick. Prog. Co-Educ. Children from 3 years. Healthy, happy environment. Special attention given to diet. Entire charge, arrangements made for children with parents abroad.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed. Home School. Easy access Baker Street stn. New Nursery House from 3 years. Few vacancies. Principal: Miss M. K. Wilson.

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NAEMOOR School, Rumbling Bridge, Perthshire. Edinburgh 40 miles. A modern co-ed. school, founded by parents and educationists. Friendly environment. Well-equipped classrooms. Principals: John L. Grieve, B.Sc., Janet Grieve, M.A., B.Ed.

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FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 13th Edition, as new, £15/offer; pair Ski-boots, as new, size 8, £2; Beethoven period Grand Piano, extensively restored for use, £90; Brunsviga 20 calculating machine, carrying case, new, £120; ditto, model 13 ZK, £80; By-lock Vacuum Cleaner, unused, 12gns.; Singer 18, powerful and dignified car, lovingly maintained, new tyres, £170; H.M.V. Cabinet fitted as Radiogram with Bush Battery model, seen N.W.3, £20; Lady's Diamond Ring (marquise, 11 stones), £30—seen London.

WANTED: American Autobiography "Out on a Limb," Baker, good price offered; "Road Fortune," Diack and Mackenzie; Books by Austin Freeman; "Political Quarterly," Vol. 13, part 4, Vol. 14, Vol. 15, part 1-2, Vol. 17, part 1; Grand Piano, Baby or Medium; Good office/portable typewriter; Greek-font typewriter, or double-keyboard Greek-Latin; Cambridge Mus. B. Hood; B.Sc. (Econ.) London Gown; Rug-loom; Dolmetsch Recorder; Hebrew—Second-hand Linguaphone Set, complete.

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